

CHOICE  
Ayres, Songs, & Dialogues

To SING to the  
*THEORBO-LUTE, or BASS VIOL.*

BY KING

Most of the Newest *Ayres* and *Songs*, Sung at *COURT*,  
And at the Publick *THEATRES*.

*Composed by Several Gentlemen of His Majesties Musick, and others.*

Newly Re-printed with large ADDITIONS.



LONDON

Printed by William Godbid, and are Sold by John Playford  
near the Temple Church, 1676.



To the LOVERS of  
**MUSIC.**

*Gentlemen & Ladies,*

**M**USIC is of different effects, and admits of as much variety of Fancy to please all Humours as any Science whatever. It moves the Affections sometimes into a sober Composure, and other-times into an active Jollity. These *Songs* and *Ayres* are such as were lately Composed, and are very suitable and acceptable to the *Genius* of these *Times*. Many of the Words have been already Published, which gave but little content to divers Ingenious Persons, who thought them as dead, unless they had the *Airy Tunes* to quicken them; to gratifie whom, was a great inducement to me for their Publication. Your kind acceptance and general good liking of the former Impression of this Book has both encouraged and obliged me to present you with this New Edition; wherein I have taken special care to Correct those Errors that before escaped in the *Musick* untaken notice of; and have likewise added several *Stanzas* of Verses to the *Songs* that then wanted them; as also now added above Forty new *Ayres*, *Songs*, and *Dialogues*, never before Printed; Not doubting, but the Excellency of the whole Work, as it is now published, is such, as will be kindly received by all true and ingenious Lovers of *Musick*; which is the Endeavour of him, who is your

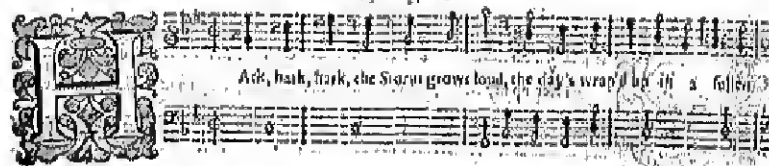
*Most Hearty Servant,*

JOHN PLAYFORD.

An Alphabetical Table of the Songs and Dialogues in this Book.

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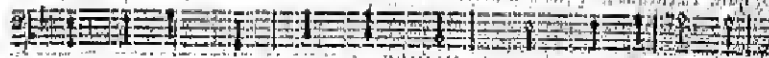
*The Storm.*



Ack, hark, frak, the Sitar grows loud, the day's wrap'd up in a full



**Cloud:** Hark, hark, the Tempest sings the Scamans (sing) and flings the coil up Waves to final show us.



And those that never pray'd before, call now upon some unknown Pow'r. Hark back, the tackling file



the Search bufile, Crack, crack, down goes the Main mast, down, down, down, hark how they scream



Hark, hark, amongst the rift, I hear some flutes like mine, 'tis from a Lover lute: Ye powers Divine call



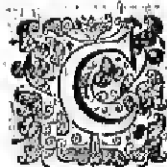
color of juvenile rags, the Saxon sillage, plenty a. Lo-vee-woe and let kind. A new now it's



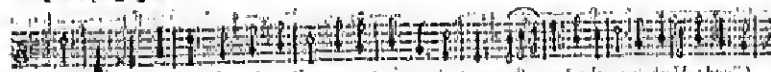
Trident Show. See, it grows calm, the storms now cease, and all the Ocean's fire shows smiles of peace.







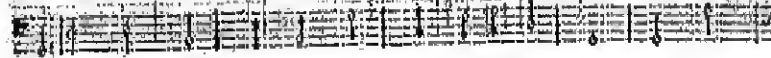
Heer up my Maies, the Wind doth fairly blow; clap on more Sails; and never



Spoke. Farewell all Lands, for now we are in the wide Sea of Drinke; and merrily, merrily we



go. Dies me! is hee, another bowl of Wine, and we shall see the burning Line: Hey boys, the floods a-



way, and by my head I know we tooned the World and all things now: With that said are those that really ar-



come, when abroad they may vauntly tolle, and gain such experience, as to try to such Countries and,



wonders as I do! But farewell good Pilot, take heed what you do, and consider to what you will with



Gold mine the Vessel we'll store, and never be poor, and never be poor any more.



By William Humphrey.

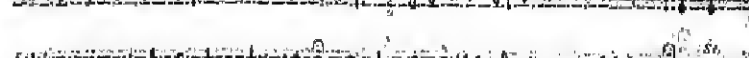
At the Court of the King.



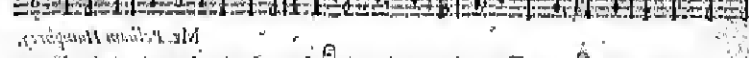
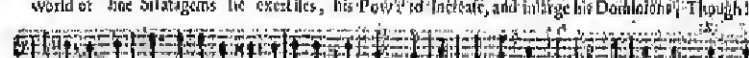
This Cupid commences his rapes and Vagaries, and fights himself with



female passions, A thousand times over he changes and varies their fancies as oft as their passions: A



world of fine Stratagems he exercises, his Power is infinite, and fills his Dominions: Though his



force be but feeble, by hand he surprises the Lord knows how many millions: With his Song and his



Sonnet, his Tales and Romances, he works all the hearts of the poor silly Lovers, whose part of dis-



cretion his Trade forduces, since he none of his cheats and discovers in his greatest design, and where



in his most glories, by which the whole world is, for millions of years, is so cog and dissemble, and



By

tell lying Stories, as Women love best to be treated. Now you that from Love are resolv'd to be

Free-man, take heart and be noble, be active, and jolly, for to pine for a Mistress, you never shall

see man, who yields not to love, Melanchol-ly.

Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

Ad. Ver. Cantus U. Basses.

Ever the pangs of a desperate Lover, when day and night I have sigh'd all in vain,

Ah! what a pleasure it is to dis-ces-ve, in her Eyes Pity who causes my Pain,

Mr. Alph. Kearsb.

When with unknowns our Love at a stand is,

And both have punish'd our selves with the pain,

Ah, what a pleasure the touch of her hand is!

Ah, what a pleasure to press it again!

When the denial comes fiercer and warmer,

And her Eyes give what her Tongue does deny,

Ah, what a trembling I feel when I venture!

Ah, what a trembling does ether my Joy!

When with a Sigh, she accords me the blessing,

And her Eyes twinkle 'twixt pleasure and pain,

Ah, what a Joy is beyond all expressing!

Ah! what a Joy to hear, Shall we again?

Un- to Loves Loney, run Maids and rejoice, whilst seeking your chance you

meet your own choice: And bide that your luck you help with design, by praying cross-legged to

St. Valen-tine.

Heck, hark, a Prize is drawing and Trum-pet-sound, Tan-ta-ra-ra-ra, Tan-ta-ra

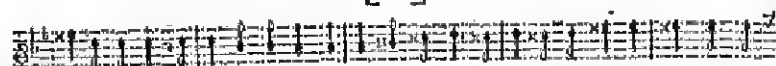
ra, Tan-ta-ra-ra, hark Maids, more Lot-teries are drawn, prizes abroad, Dub-dub-a-dub-a-dub, the

Drum-mow beats, and Dub-a-dub-a-dub Echo: repeats, as if at night the god of War had made

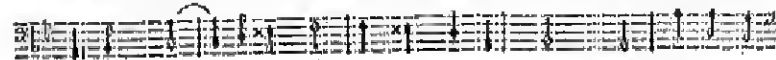
Loves Queen a skirmish for a Sirenade. Hail, hail, fair Maids, and come away, The Post attends you

Bridegrooms May's Koses and Rinks will be thrown where you go, whilst I walk in shades of willow, willow,

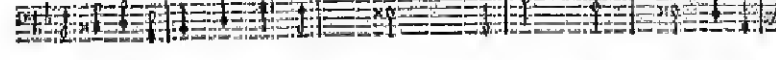
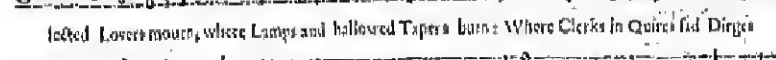
willow, willow.



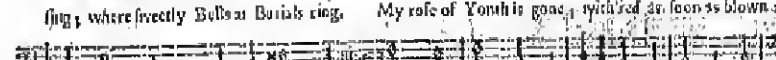
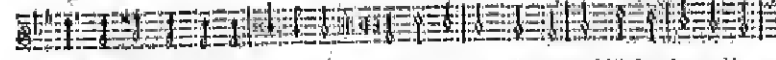
When I am dead, let him that did slay me, be but so good as kindly to lay me there where neg-



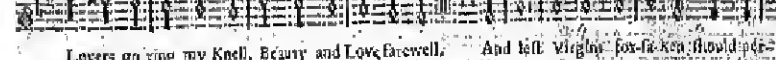
lected Lovers mourn, where Lamps and hallowed Tapers burn: Where Clerks in Quire sit Dirges



sing, where sweetly Bells at Burials ring. My rose of Youth is gone, withered as soon as blown:



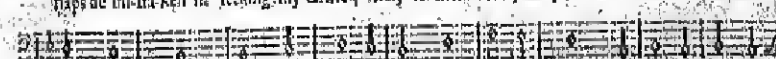
Lovers going my Knell, Beauty and Love farewell. And lest Virgin for-saken should see-



haps be un-luck-ken in seeking my Grave, Alas, let them know, I lye near a shade of Willow,



Willow: I lye near a shade of Willow, Willow.



Willow: I lye near a shade of Willow, Willow.



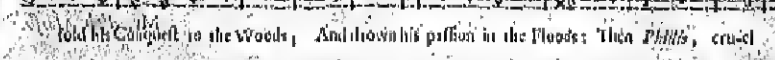
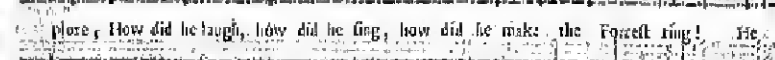
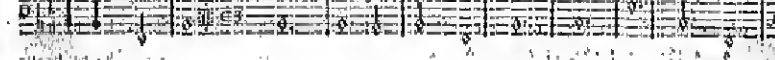
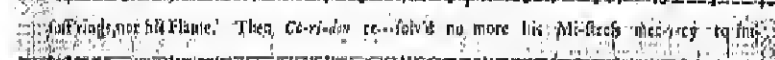
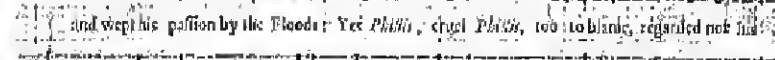
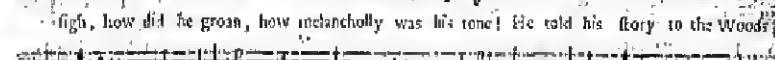
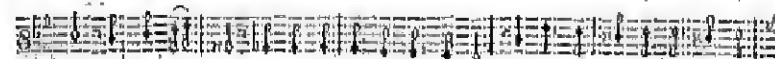
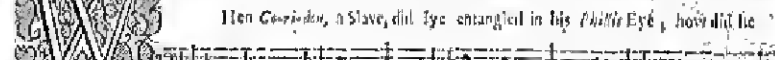
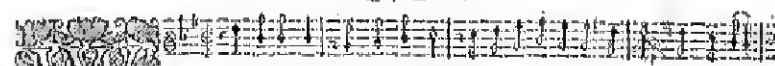
Willow: I lye near a shade of Willow, Willow.



Willow: I lye near a shade of Willow, Willow.



Willow: I lye near a shade of Willow, Willow.



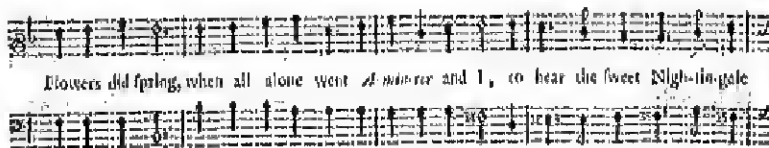
Willow: I lye near a shade of Willow, Willow.



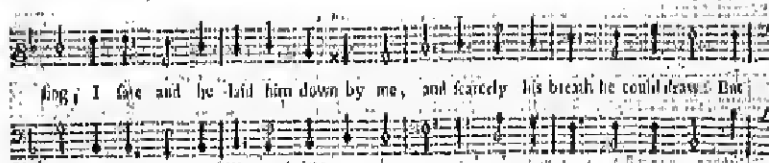
A. &amp; M. C. C. C. C.



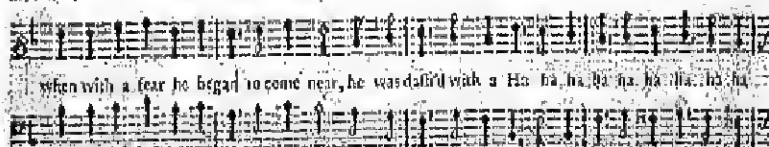
Alm was the Evening, and clear was the Sky, and the sweet budding



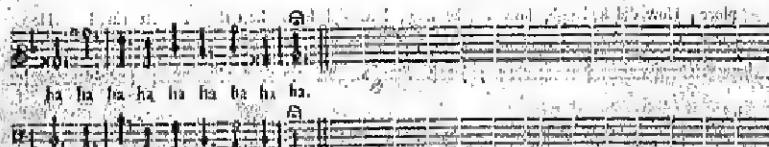
Flowers did spring, when all alone went *A. M. C. C. C.* and I, to hear the sweet Nightingale



song; I sat and he laid him down by me, and scarcely his breath he could draw. But



when with a fear he began to come near, he was dash'd with a Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha



ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

Mr. Alph. M. C. C.

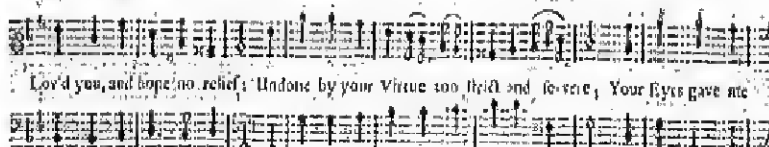
II.  
He blushed to himself, and laid still for a while,  
His modesty could his desire  
But then I, coming dill his fears with a smile,  
And added new flames to his fire  
Ah, Sylvia! said he, you are cruel,  
To keep your poor Lover in awe,  
Then once more he press'd with his hand to my breast,  
But was dash'd with a Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

III.  
I knew 'twas his Passion that caus'd his fear,  
And therefore I play'd his case,  
I whisper'd him softly, there's no body near,  
And laid my Check close to his Face  
But as we grew bolder and bolder,  
A Shepherd came by, us and saw  
And thus in our bliss, we began with a sigh,  
He laugh'd out with a Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

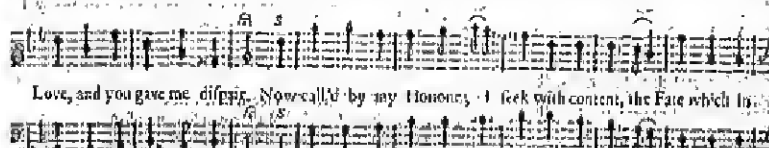
A. &amp; M. C. C. C. C.



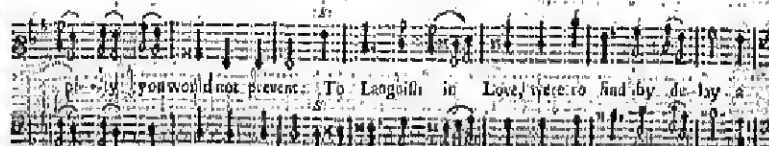
Arise! fair *Ar-mi-da*, my Joy and my Grief, in Vale I have



Lov'd you, and hope no relief: Undone by your Virtue too mild and too severe, Your Eyes gave me



Love, and you gave me distress: Now call'd by my Honours, I seek with content, the Fate which is



your would not prevent: To Languish in Love, were to find by de-lay a



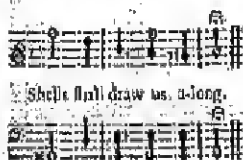
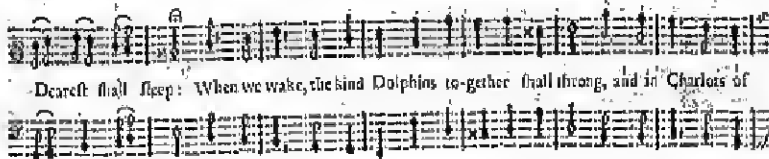
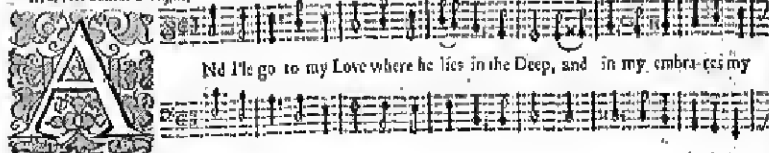
Death that's more welcome the speedier way.

Mr. Robert Smith.

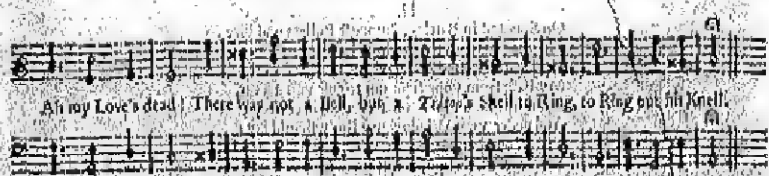
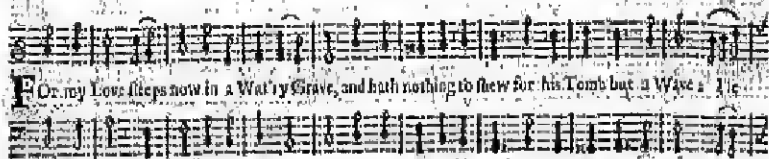
II.  
On Seas and in Battley, among R. Bullets and Fire,  
The danger is less than in hopele'ss desire:  
My Death would you give me though far off I bear,  
My Fate from your Sight not to cost you a Tear.  
But if the kind Floods of a Wave will convey,  
And under your Window my Body should lay,  
The Wound on my Breast, when you happen to see,  
You'll say 'twas a sigh, it was given by me.

## Captain DIGBY's Farewell.

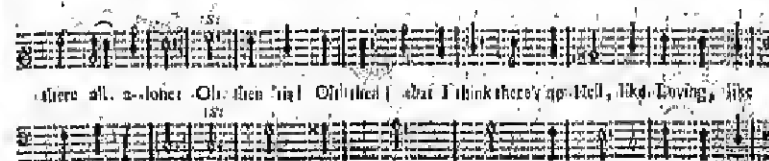
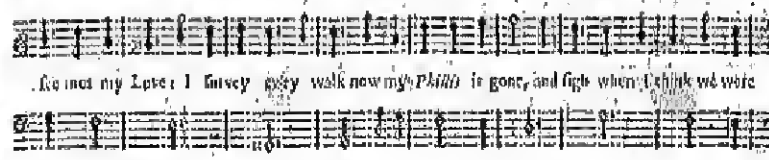
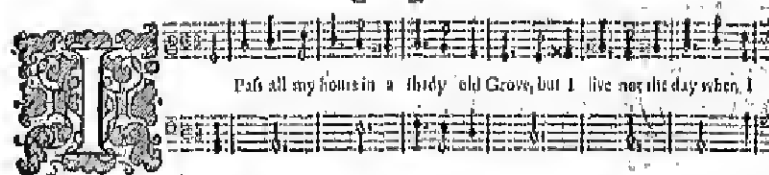
A. &amp; W. COWEN &amp; BASS,



The Orient Pearl that the Ocean best owes  
We'll mix with the Coral, and a Crown for our pose;  
The Sea Nymphs shall sigh, and chide our date,  
We'll teach them to Love, and Conclude to Rite.



Mc. Adara Smith.



Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

- II. But each Shade and each conscious Bow'r, where I find  
Where I once have been happy, and she has been kind:  
When I see the palm left of her shape in the Green,  
And imagine the pleasure may yet come again,  
Oh then 'tis I! Oh then 'tis I! Oh then 'tis I! I think no joys above  
Like the pleasures, the pleasures of Love.
- III. While alone to my self I repeat all her Charms,  
She (Love may be lost) in another man's arms;  
She may laugh in my Gaze, and so like the mayse,  
To say all the kindnesses she's said to me,  
Oh then 'tis I! Oh then 'tis I! Oh then 'tis I! I think no Hell  
Like Loving, like Loving too well.
- IV. But when I consider the soft of her heart  
Such an innocent passion, and what without art,  
I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope she may be  
So full of true love to be, and I think no joys above  
Like the pleasures, the pleasures of Love.







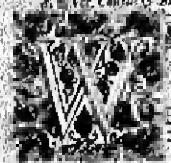
Love I'm Born, and a Lover I'll be, and hence from my Love I shall

never be free. Let wisdom abound in the grave Woman-hater, yet never to Love, is a

Sign of ill Nature: But he who loves well, and whose Passion is strong, can never be wretched, but

ever be Young.

Mr. Pelham Humphrey.



When I first I Counted, she had Youth and Beauty too,

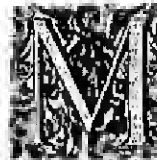
But when she was so young, and her Cheeks were ever new, Conspiring those half

now deceiv'd her, which her glories did uphold: All her Arts can ne'er relieve her

from Au-re--he growing old.

Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

Those airy spirits which invited,  
Are return'd, and now no more;  
And her Eyes are now benighted,  
Which were Comets heretofore.  
Want of these abates her merits,  
Yet I have passion for her Name:  
Only kind and amorous Spirits  
Kindle, and maintain the Flame.

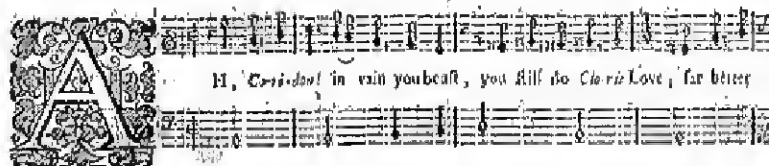


My own Saviour, come along, the subject of my Song for thee I long

Then know, my pretty Sweetest, know, since thou'ldst me, I'll be thy fancy, nothing in the World but

thee: I'll be thy fancy, nothing in the World but thee.

III.  
Display thine Arms, thy Wealth unfold,  
Thou shalt have Love of old,  
In liquid Gold;  
And we'll be so in Love, how to make a bliss,  
Our Soul shall tangle, while our Bodies kiss,  
We'll have *Elizium* here, as they have there.



H, *Cerinda* in vain you boast, you still do *Clara* Love, far better



'In your heart were lost, than that false-ness prove: You then would kill me by disdain, but dying



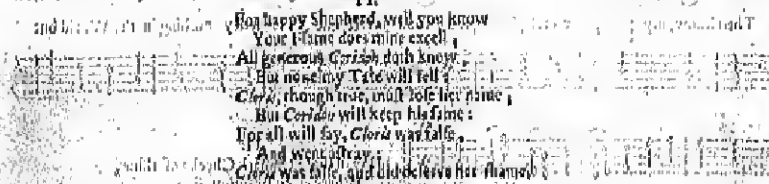
that, you blot my Name. For all will say, *Clara* was false, and went astray: *Clara* was false, and



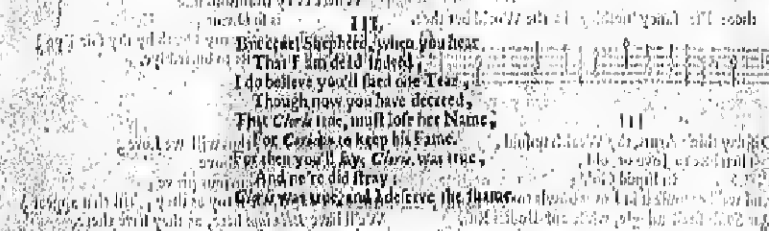
did deserve her Name.



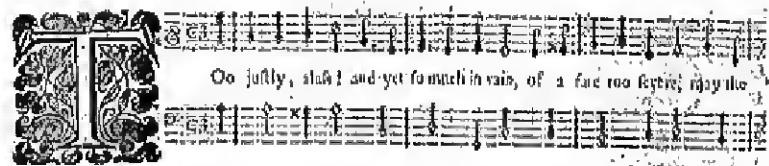
Mr. Robert Spittle.



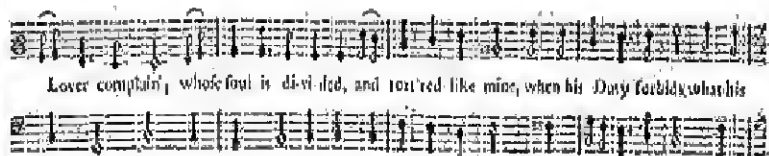
and the *Shepherd* with you know  
Your Name does mine excel,  
All generous *Clara* doth know,  
But no *Clara* will tell:  
*Clara*, though true, must lose her Name,  
But *Cerinda* will keep his Name:  
For all will say, *Clara* was false,  
And went astray:  
*Clara* was false, and did deserve her Name.



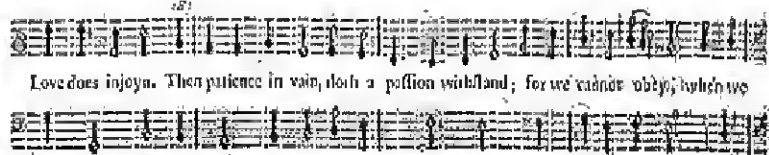
III.  
O cruel *Shepherd*, when you hear,  
That I am dead in bed,  
I do believe you'll shed one Tear,  
Though now you have decreed,  
That *Clara* true, must lose her Name,  
For when you'll say, *Clara* was true,  
And ne're do stray:  
For when you'll say, *Clara* was true,  
And ne're do stray:  
For when you'll say, *Clara* was true,  
And ne're do stray:  
For when you'll say, *Clara* was true,  
And ne're do stray:



Oo justly, shall and yet so much in vain, of a face too bright, may the



Lover complain, whose soul is divided, and tormented like mine, when his Duty forbids what his

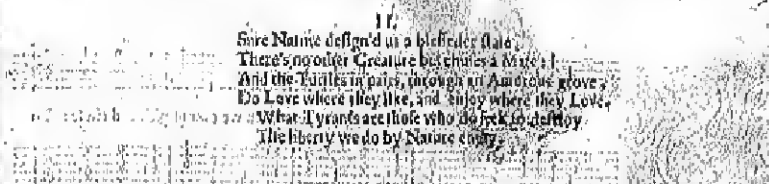


Love does enjoy. Then patience in vain, doth a passion withstand; for we cannot obey, when we

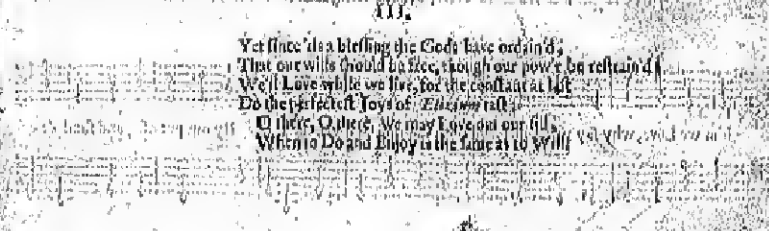


cannot command.

Mr. James Hart.

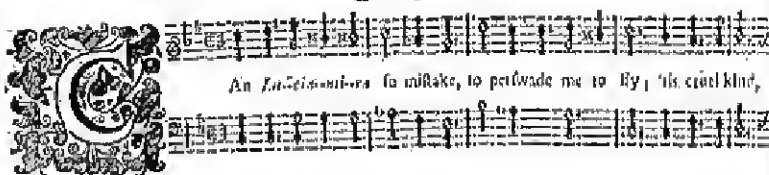


III.  
Sire Nature design'd us a blessed Race,  
There's no other Creature but chuseth a Mate:  
And the Fables in pairs, through all Amorous grove,  
Do Love where they like, and enjoy where they Love:  
What if tyrants are those who do seek to destroy  
The liberty we do by Nature enjoy?



III.  
Yet since 'tis a blessing the Gods have ordain'd,  
That our wills should be free, though our power be restrain'd:  
We'll Love while we live, for the constant delight  
Do the perfectest joys of *Earth* impart:  
O then, O then, we may Love out our fill,  
When to Do and Enjoy is the same as to will!

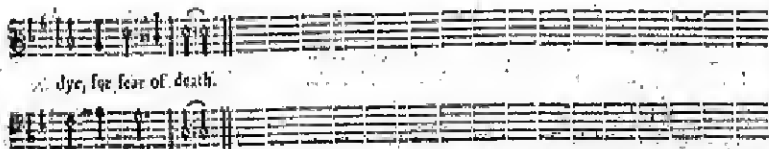




An En-tem-ble-ers to misTake, to per-swade me to fly, 'tis cruel kind,



For my own sake to counsel me to dye: Like those faint souls, who cheat themselves of breath, and

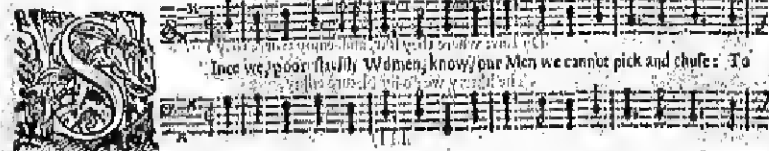


dye, for fear of death.

Mr. John Banister.

II.  
Since Love's the principle of Life,  
And you the object Lov'd,  
Let's, *Luscinia*, end this strife,  
Let's take to be remov'd.  
We know not what they do are gone from hence;  
But here we Love by sense.

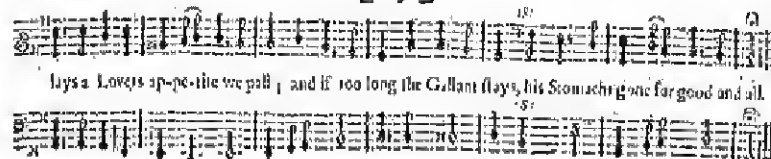
III.  
If the Platonic, who would prove  
Souls without Bodies Love,  
Had with respect, well understood  
The Passion of the Blood:  
They'd suffer Mortals to have had their part,  
And raised Love to its' Heart.



Since we poor foolish Women, know our Men we cannot pick and chuse: To



him we Love, why say we, No? and turn our backs and show our life By our own off, and send do-

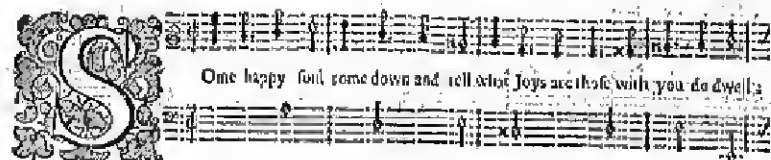


lays a Lovers ap-pe-the we path, and if too long the Gallant stays, his Stomach's gone for good and all.

Mr. John Banister.

12.  
Or our impatient amorous Guest,  
Unknown to us, away may fleet,  
And rather than stay for a feast,  
Take up with some cowie ready meat.  
When opportunity is kind,  
Let prudent Women be so too;  
And if the Man be to her mind,  
Be sure she do not let him go.

III.  
The March soon made, is happiest still,  
For Love has only there to do:  
Let no one Marry 'gainst her will,  
But stand off, when her Parent's Woo:  
And so the Sun be not coy,  
For the whom Joynture can obtain,  
To let a Fop her bed enjoy,  
Is but a Lawful Wench for gain.



One happy soul come down and tell what Joys are those with you do dwell:



If it be happiness like ours below, which from our want of it does only flow: Then, then say

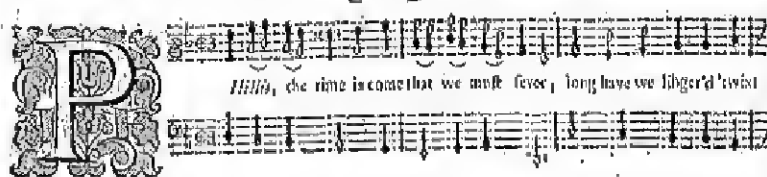


plain that enigma them of: The more it is, the less it is but a Dream.

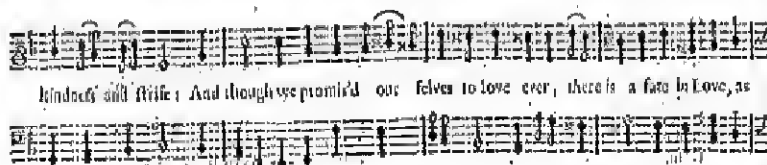
Mr. Robert Smith.

II.  
The Love, 'tis Love! For nothing can  
Give real happiness to man:  
But Joys like those that Lovers can enjoy,  
Which here on Earth there's nothing can destroy.  
Ay, ay, 'tis Love can only be  
The happy soul's delight.

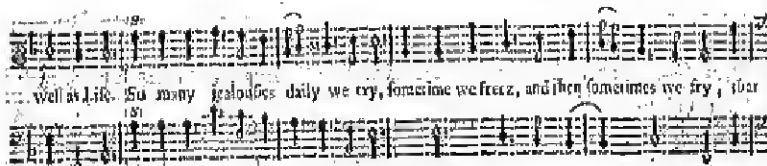
III.  
Are your delights in what you see?  
Or in what's in your fancy?  
Or can your Joys arise from pleasures things?  
Your Taste, or Smelling, or your fancy brings?  
No, no, 'tis plain, if it were so,  
Happily by grateful Reps must go:



111111, the time is come that we must sever, long have we linger'd 'twixt



kindness and strife: And though we promis'd our selves to love ever, there's a fate in Love, as



well as life. So many jealousies daily we cry, sometime we fret, and then sometimes we cry, that



Love in Colds, or in Fevers, will dye.

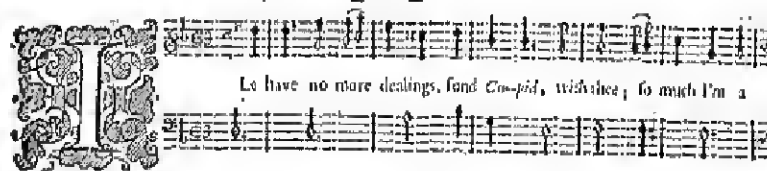
Mr. Robert Smith.

# II.

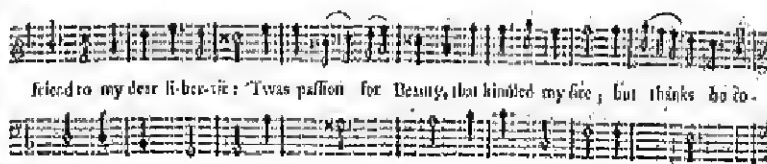
Both by our selves, and others tormented,  
Still in suspense betwixt Heaven and Hell;  
Ever desiring, and never contented,  
Either not Loving, or Loving to well.  
Pursuing we still are treach'rous pow'rs,  
One, or a weather of Sun-shine, and Show'rs:  
His days are bitter, though sweeter are his hours.

# III.

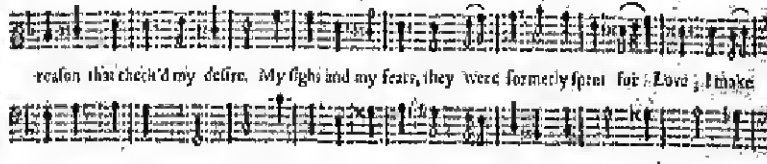
Why should we care any longer importune,  
Since to each other unhappy we prove,  
Like losing Gamblers, we temper our ill Fortune,  
Both might be lucky in a new Love.  
This were the way our seasons best to pass,  
But when we fly, pleasing a Passion destroy,  
We may be more happy, but less should enjoy.



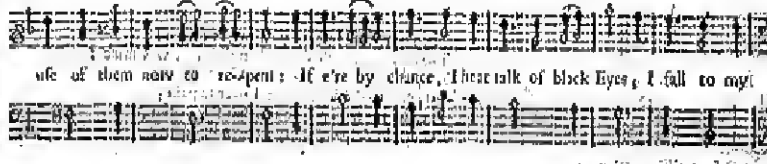
Lo have no more dealings, fond Com'pid, with thee, so much I'm a



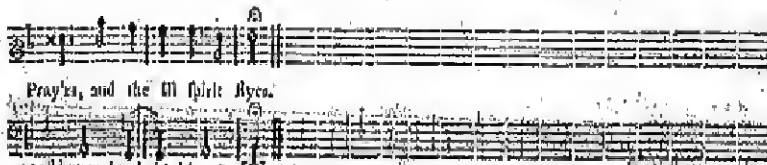
feared to my dear li-ben-vie: 'Twas passion for Beauty, that kindled my fire, but thanks be to



reason that check'd my desire. My sighs and my fears, they were formerly spent for Love; I make

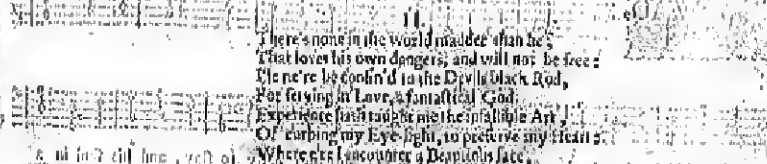


use of them now to repent: If e're by chance, I hear talk of black Eyes, I fall to my



Prayer, and the Ill Spirit flies.

Mr. William Gregory.

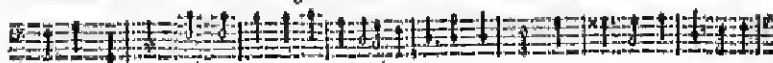


There's none in the world madder than he,  
That loves his own dangers, and will not be free:  
He ne're be confin'd to the Devil's black Rod,  
For serving in Love, a fantastical God.  
Experience has taught me the infallible Art,  
Of curbing my Eye-sight, to preserve my heart:  
Where ere I encounter a Beauty's face,  
I bless myself I turn aside, and mend my pace.

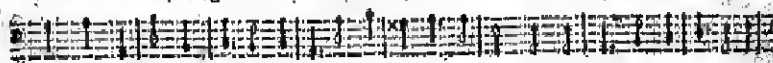
A. 1. Yr. Count &amp; Basson



Ow strangely severe, and unjust are we grown! For we punish in all the Of-

fences of one: While discombing *Amintas*, a Passion did gain, I *Damon's* Affections re-

Quin'd with disdain; and gave more belief to the Shepherd that swore, than to him who did faithfully



Love and Adore.



Mr. William Turner.

II.  
Then how is it Just, O ye Powers divine!  
That *Damon* should dye, when the error was mine!  
Yet pardon me once, and if ever again  
I'm deaf to the Voice of a Lover in pain;  
Then let me not prosper in what I've begun,  
But dye in despair, as my *Damon* has done.

A. 1. Yr. Count &amp; Basson

Hill! *Alexis* lay press'd in her Arms he lov'd best, with his hand round her

neck, and his head on her breast; He found in her's pleasure too jolly to stay, and his soul in a



Triumph just flying a-way.

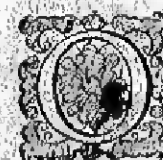
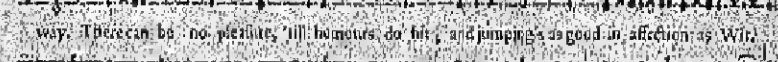


Mr. Nicholas Staggins.

III.  
The Youth, though in hall, and hearing his life,  
In pity dy'd slowly, while she dy'd more fast;  
Till at length he cry'd, now, my Dear, now  
Let's go; Now dye, my *Alexis*, and I will dye too.

II.  
When *Celia* saw this, with a Sigh and a Kiss,  
She cry'd, O my Dear! I'm robb'd of my bliss;  
'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully done,  
To leave me behind you, and dye call alone.

IV.  
Thus interced'd she did say, while *Alexis* did cry  
To recover new breath, that again he might dye;  
Then often they dy'd; but the more they did do,  
The nymph dy'd more quick, and the Shepherd more slow.

O all the Dukes Dances, *Mistress* for me, for I love not a Woman un-

Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

II.  
No sooner I came, but she lik'd me as soon;  
No sooner I ask'd, but she granted my boon;  
And without a preamble, a Portion, or dower,  
She promis'd to meet me, where ere I lik'd to go;  
So we truck up a touch, and embraced each other,  
Without the consent of Father or Mother.

III.  
Then away with a Lady that's modest and coy;  
Let her ends be the pleasures that we do enjoy;  
Let her tickle her fancy with better delight,  
And relax all the day, what she longs for at night;  
I believe my *Seline*, who blows they're all mad,  
To feed on dry Bones, when Famine may be had.

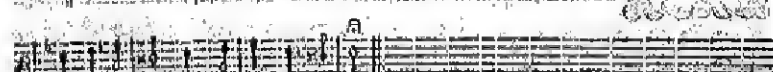
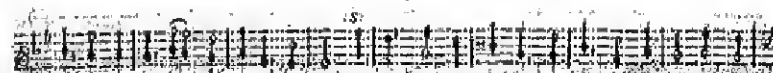
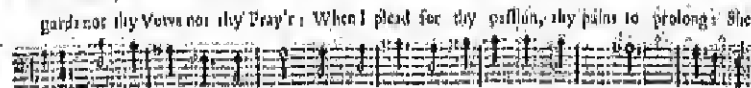








Ive o'er foolish heart, and make haste to despoil, For *Daphne* too



*Mr. Aph. 22. 11.*

No more will I wait, like a Slave to your Deeds,  
To spend the cold Night at your Window no more;  
My Lungs in long sighs, no more I'll exhaust;  
Since your Pride is to make me grow fatter and pale;  
No more shall *Daphne* your pity implore;  
Were the gods so fond, men would worship no more.

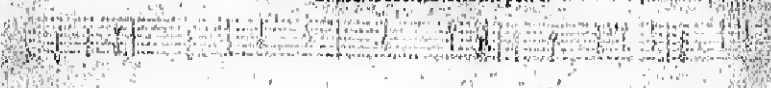
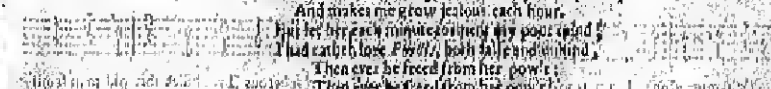
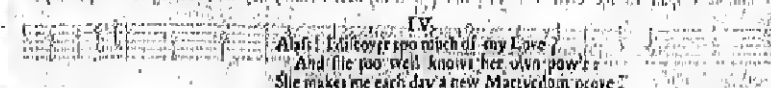
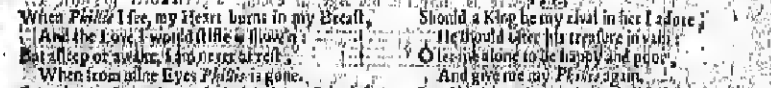
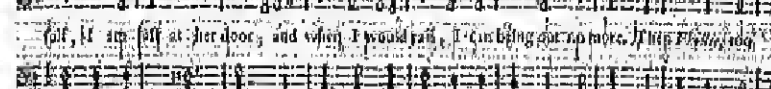
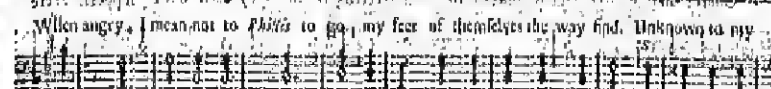
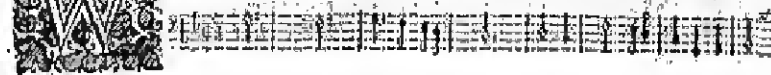
No more shall your frowns, or fice humour persuade  
To court the false Idol my Fancy has made;  
When your frown's neglected, your frown's give a're,  
Your Deity's lost, and your beauty no more.

No more shall true Lovers such Beauties adore,  
Were the gods so severe, men would worship no more;  
How weak are the Vows of all Lovers in pain;  
When flatter'd with hopes, or oppress'd with disdain;  
No sicker my *Daphne's* bright eyes I'll review,  
But all is forgot, and I vow all anew.

No more, false Nymph, I will maintain no more;  
Did the gods seem to jar, men would ever adore.



There as ever I am, or what ever I do, my *Phyllis* is still in my mind.



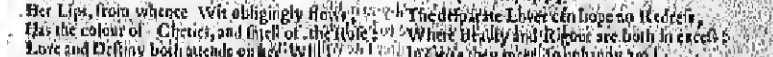
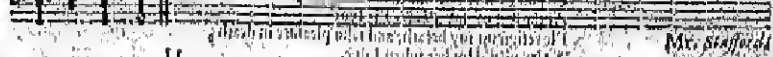
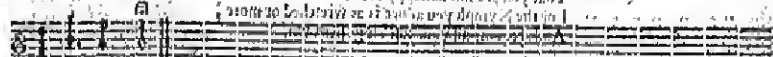
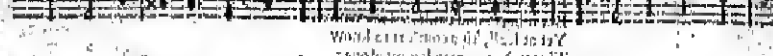
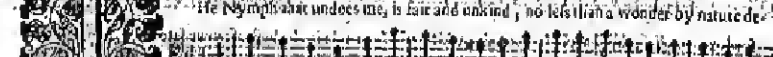
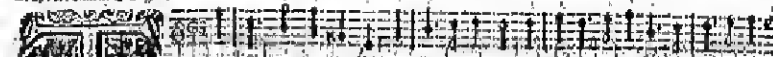
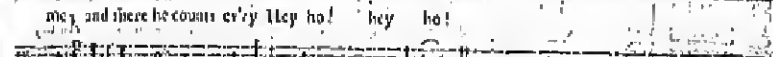
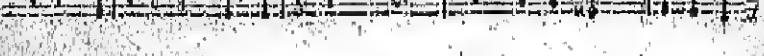
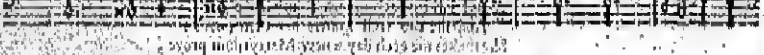
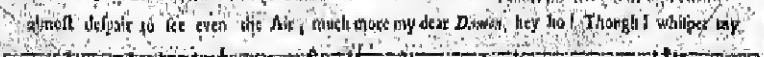
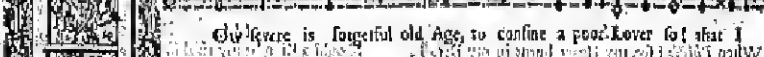
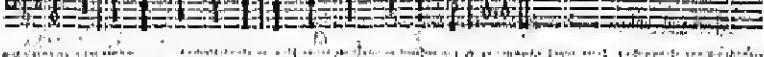


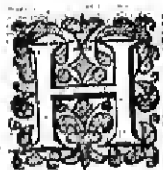


Ow affairs of the State are already decreed, make room for affairs of the



Court: Employment, and pleasure, each other succeed, because they each other support. Where





Ow unhappy a Lover am I, whilst I sigh for my *Phyllis* in vain: All day



Hours of delight are another man's right, who is happy, whilst I am in pain. Since her honour af-



fects no rest, but to play the pains which you bear: 'Tis the best of your fate in a hopeless e-



state, to give me, and become to me pain.



*Mr. Nicholas Staggins.*

II.

I have try'd the false Medicine in vain;  
Yea I wish what I hope not to win;  
From without my desire has no good to be;  
But to burn and consume me within;  
Yea at least, 'tis a comfort to know,  
That you are not unhappy alone;  
For the Nymph you adore is as wretched as more;  
And accurs'd be your self, since her own

III.

O you Powers! let me suffer for both;  
At the feet of my *Phyllis* lie low;  
Flourish up my breath, and take pleasure in death,  
To be play'd by her when I dye.

What her beauty may do you in life,  
In her death she will give to her love;  
Such a Name as is true, after fate will prove;  
When the world is most close above.



hy *Phyllis*, to me, for untried and unkind? Remember the Vow which



you made: Though I love cannot forget, let not Shame be blinde, whereon is the other betray'd.



Though I sit by your Bed, true Allegiance I owe'd: I am not oblig'd by this Oath: No longer than



you keep both constant and true: The same Vow obliges us both, I and you: I have sworn to you, I



II.

Fair Nymph, did you feel

But those Passions I bear,

My Love you would never suspect:

An Heart made of Steel

And what we love cannot neglect:

Then since we Love both,

Let us both be agreed:

And seal both our Loves with a Kiss;

From breaking our Oath:

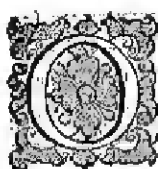
We shall both then be tied:

And Powers will envy our Lovers

From breaking our Oath:

We shall both then be tied:

And Powers will envy our Lovers



: N. the bank of a Brook as : 1 for filling, bid in the Office that

grew on the tide; I overheard, a Nymph and Shepherd willing, no time or fortune their Love might de-

yield: To: 'Goud' (and) /Zehs' each offered 1 a 'Vow; to: Love: e-ter', as they Love now

Mr. John Danforth:

Oh! said the Shepherd, and sigh'd, when a pleasure  
In Love conceal'd betwixt Lovers alone;  
Love must be secret kept like Faith of realitie;  
When 'tis discover'd, it will quickly be gone:  
Will any of jealousie lift up loud styes,  
Will too soon, alas! make it decay.

Then let us leave the world, and ease behind us;  
Said the Nymph smiling, and gave him her hand  
All along, all ope, where none shall find us;  
In some far desert we'll seek a new land;  
And there live free from envy or calumnies fire;  
And a world to each other we'll be.

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Even for those let us improve a thousand several ways, these few stock

And that's how I ended up here.

Minutes fratched by Love from ma-ny (1969) 11/11/11. Willst you want courage to despise the

century of the Grays; for all the tyrants in your eyes, your heart is but a slave.

Mr. William Campbell

My Love is full of noble pride  
And never shall submit,  
To let my Foot discretion ride  
In triumph over wit.

False friends I have as well as you  
Who daily counsel me  
To leave off loving thee:  
But I will still love thee.

When I did leave his chief abode  
On what such noble advice  
May I be dull enough to grieve  
Most miserable wife.

It should a foolish Marriage Vow, which long ago, was made, oblige us

to each other now, when passion is decay'd? We loved and lov'd, as long as we could, till our

Love will lead out of us both. But, the Marriage is dead, when the pleasure is fled, two

If I have pleasure for a friend;  
And sifter joy in store  
What wrong has he whose joys old and new  
And who could give no more?  
I have a treasure that he  
Should be jealous of, me  
Or else I should bar him of another  
Which all we can gain  
Is to give our selves pain,  
And neither can hinder the other.

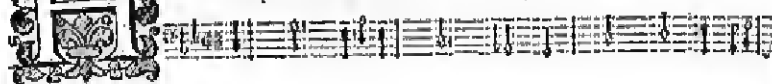
Mr. Robert Smith, to 1015 1/2 St. to put the selves right



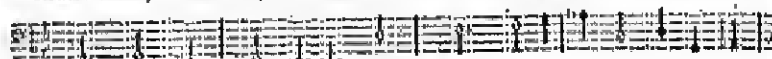




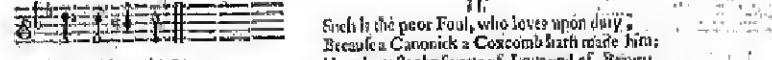
Ow pleasant is mutual Love, if it's true, Then *Phineas* let us our Af-



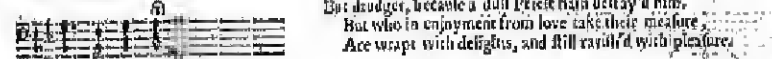
fections unite, For the more you love me, and the more I love you, The more we contribute to each



others delight. But they who enjoy, without loving first, Still Eat without Stomach and

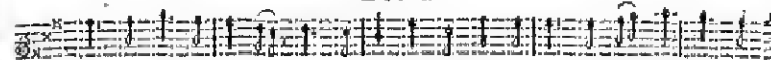


drink without thirst.

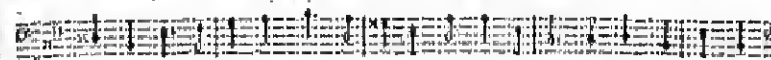


Mr. Nicholas Staggins.

Such is the poor Fool, who loves upon duty,  
Because a Canonick a Coxcomb hath made him;  
He ne'er taste the sweets of Love and of Beauty,  
But drudger, because a dull Priest hath betray'd him;  
But who in enjoyment from love take their measure,  
Are wrapt with delights, and fill rayn'd with pleasure.



we have past, farewell to Wine, to Love, and Pleasure, to Drink, to Drink, let's then make



halt, to Drink we always shan't have leave.

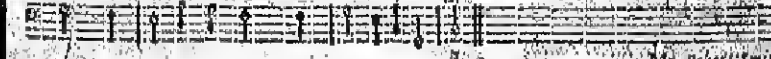
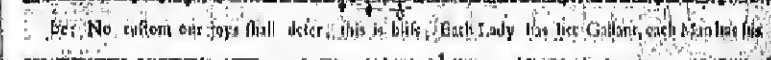
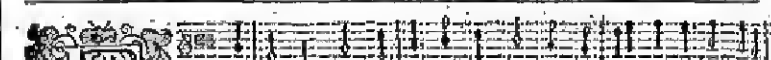
Let's Love, let's Drink, whilst we have



breath, no Love nor Drizzling after Death.



Mr. Thomas Farmer.

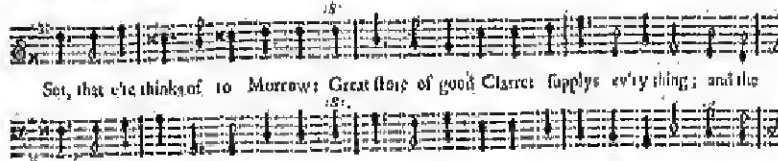


Mr. Robert Smith.

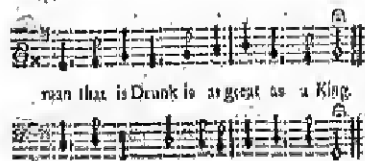
A. S. For, Carlin &amp; Duffin.



One lay by your Cares, and hang up your Sorrow, drink on, he's a



Set, that e'er think of to Morrow: Great Store of good Clarret: supplies ev'ry thing; and the



man that is Drunk is as good as a King.

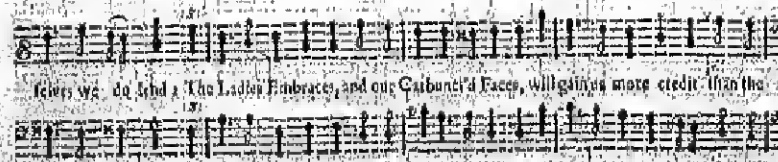
Mr. Robert Smith.

II.  
Let none at Misfortunes or Losses repine,  
But take a full dose of the Juice of the Vine;  
Distaffs and Troughs are ne'er to be found  
But in the dam'd place where the glass goes not round.

A. S. For, Carlin &amp; Duffin.



E Jolly my Tisards, for the Money we spend, on Women and Wine, to our



fevers we do send: The Ladies Embraces, and our Carpenters Faces, will give us more credit, than the



Mistress of Graces.

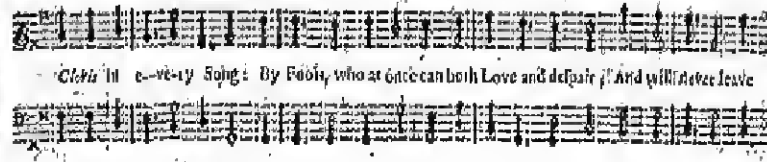
Mr. Robert Smith.

II.  
Then Smith be quicker, and bring us more Liquor;  
We'll have nothing to do with Physician or Victor:  
We'll round with our Bowls, till our Puffing-bell Tolls:  
And walk no such, Quacks with our Bodies or Souls.

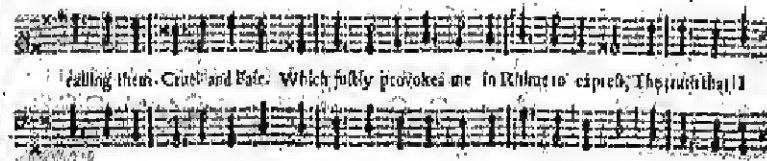
A. S. For, Carlin &amp; Duffin.



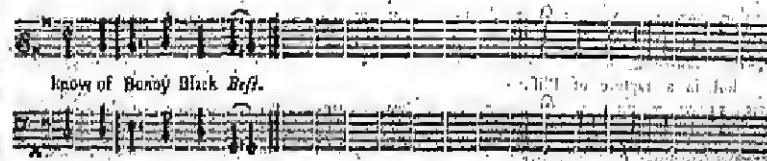
Enthinks the poor Tostle has been troubled too long, with Pains and



Chills in e-v'ry Song: By Fools, who at once can both Love and despair: And will never leave



telling them: Cruel and Fate: Which fully provokes me to Rhyme to express: The pain that I



know of Bony Black Bess.

John Playford.

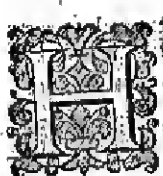
II.  
This Bess of my Heart, this Bess of my Soul;  
Has a Skin white as Milk, but her Black eye Gout:  
She's plump; yet with ease you may spin round her Waist:  
But her round swelling Thighs can scarce be embrac'd:  
Her Belly is soft, not a word of the rest:  
But I know what I mean, when I drink to the Bess.

III.  
The Plow-man and Squire, the errant Clown;  
At home the fiddler in her Paragon gown;  
But now she adorn the Boxes and Pit:  
And the proudest Town Gallies are forced to submit:  
All Heavens fall asleep where ever she comes:  
And best day and night, like my Lord, she's Drunk.

IV.  
But to those who have had my dear Bess in their Arms,  
She's gentle, and knows how to soften her Charms:  
Add to every Beauty can add a new grace:  
Having learnt how to like, and trip in her pace:  
And with heat on one side, and a beguiling Eye,  
To Kill us with looking as if 'twould dye.

M





The first system of musical notation for 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the staff.

The second system of musical notation, continuing from the first system. It features a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody continues with various note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The notation is somewhat faded and appears to be a scan of a printed score.

11. I was ill, and I thought I could never have Love. At last, when enjoyment had put out my Fire, My Strength was decay'd, and my Passion was done.

That Honey'd my strength with my joys to abolish,  
For the pleasure I gave, He did doubly requite,  
By finding out ever new ways to delight.

And the people of the world are all the same.

And this gift, *My dear*, I hope this book will not be forgotten by, when just I  
 wish I had never let you know about this playing at all!

224 minutes, but it was not up to the 100 minutes  
subsequent to the publication of the 1820's.

[illegible]

Musical score for the song "MORVY". The score is written for a single melodic line on a five-line staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The lyrics "MORVY" are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. The score is presented in a black and white, slightly degraded format.

11. I had not one Reserve in 1945.  
But at the time I had

Though now thy trophies staid,  
 Thy Eyes in Silence told their Tale  
 Of Love in such a way,  
 That 'twas in vain to prevail.

[illegible]

With *Zappa* and the splendid eye of *Quinn*, his late mother, by.

Was ever seen a glorious Queen, thus lie, undress'd in Heaven, seen  
 And all a royal company, thus lie, undress'd in Heaven, seen

[illegible]

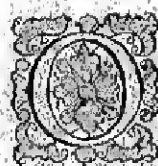
Away, like he, you need not take  
Fresh Beauty; youth more late than ketty  
And all that's left of youth is gone  
And all that's left of youth is gone

O day, and he, no doing vow,  
The first is Captured now  
And all that's left of youth is gone  
And all that's left of youth is gone

*(continued)*

\_\_\_\_\_





O! spare not the day, lest my Senses re-prove, and curse my kind



Learn from the Knowledge of Love: Ah, the ignorant Fate of a foolish young Lover, who



Is so reward, not to have Wit to discover. To delay a kind Nymph from her heart of desire,



Is to dig for a Treasure, and sink in the Mine.



II.  
If to catch at a smile in a vain of discourse,  
Twixt heart and good will ought to make a Divorce:  
Such terms defer to be well understood,  
I like a Wizard's art, who peels under her Hood:  
Had I known but the minute her joys were upon her,  
She had no more good night, and adieu to her honour.

III.  
I knew not what the Intrigue of her Art,  
I thought she design'd to make sport with my Heart:  
It came with a tear, and went with a sigh,  
Yet I thought to attempt all my hopes would destroy:  
But since I'm resolv'd, ere I prove such a loss,  
The Nymph I'll enjoy, though I dye on the spot.



O what mad self grief is a Lover confin'd, when the Tongue dares not



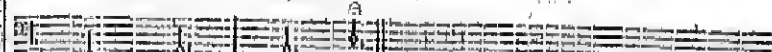
utter the truth of the Heart. Yet it breaks through the force of a Generous mind, and makes him risk



think what his Love would impart: For the more he loves us, the more happy 'will prove, when he



comes to appearance, to plead for his Love.

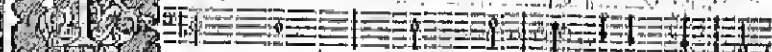


II.  
When our Hearts are new kindled to jump at a Beauty,  
But like a French On-ke, comes off with a Blast:  
We ought to evade leisure, 'tis civil and Duty  
Let's Love by degrees, and the longer 'will last.  
He that gambles his Love and Enjoyment together,  
Makes 3 Months of Summer, and 100 of cold Weather.

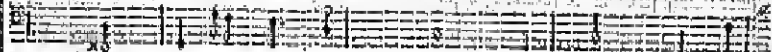
III.  
Kind Love, like a tender and delicate Flower;  
Wants only Improvement to make it endure:  
But to quies transmutated, which makes it each hour  
So droop and decay, that 'tis almost past cure:  
Which some fair Nymph, whose Enchantments can bring  
To make it re-bell, a perpetual Spring.



The day you wish'd, arriv'd at last, you were as much that it were past:



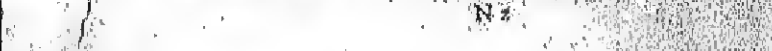
One Minute more, and night will hide the Bridegrooms, and the blessing Bride. This



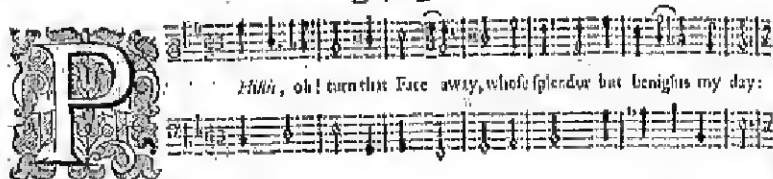
Virgin too, to Bid does go: take care, oh Youth! the time not so: she pants and trembles at her



The Bridegroom comes, he comes at last,  
With Love and Fury in his Face,  
She flies away, he close pursues,  
And Prayers and Threats in order take:  
She looks a-fluttering, begs delay,  
And with her hand puts him away:  
No more about far help she cries,  
And now departing shows her Eyes.



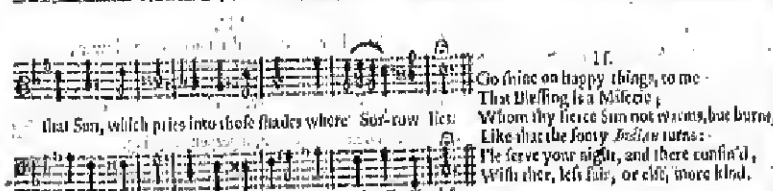




Hide, oh! turn this Face away, whose splendour but benights my day:

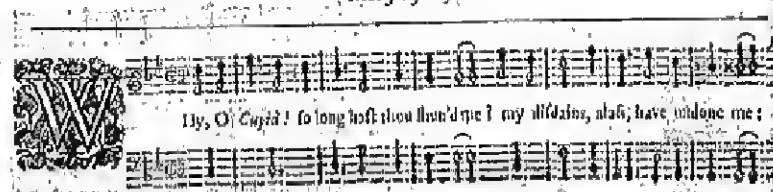


Sad Eyes like mine, and wounded Hearts, shun the bright eyes which Beauty darts. Unwelcome is

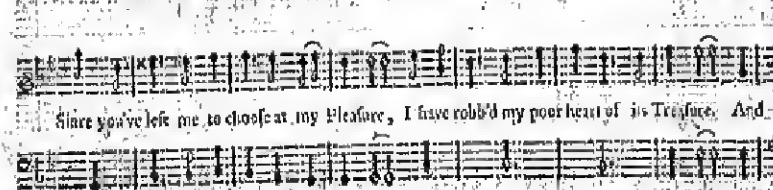


Go shine on happy things, to me  
That Blessing is a Misery;  
Whom thy fierce Sun not warms, but burns,  
Like that the footy Indian turns:  
He serve your night, and there confid'  
With thee, let's live, or die, more blind.

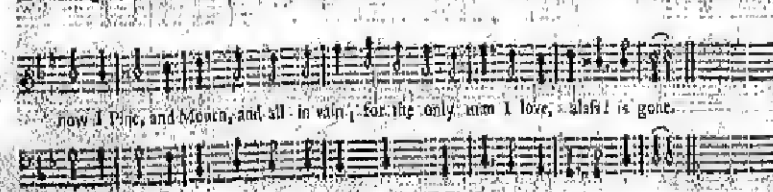
Mr. Jo. Jackson.



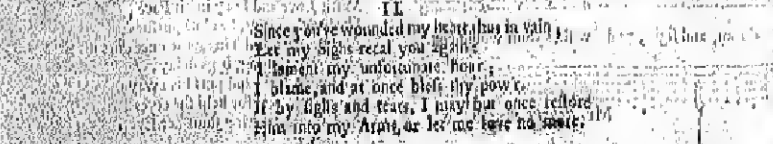
Woe, O Cupid! so long hast thou abus'd me! my disdain, alas! have undone me:



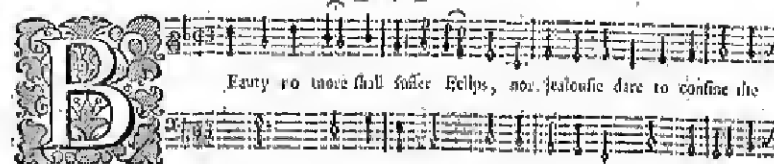
Since you've left me to choose at my Pleasure, I have robb'd my poor heart of its Treasure. And



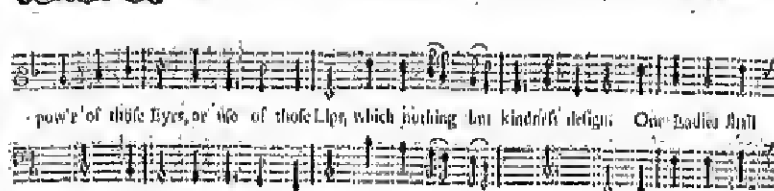
Now I pine, and Mourn, and all in vain; for the only man I love, alas! is gone.



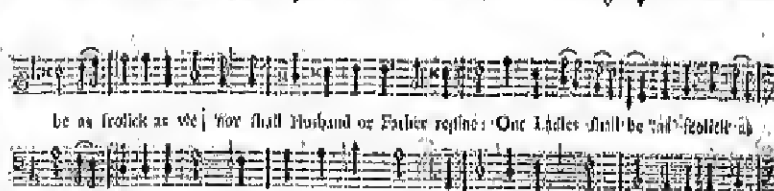
II.  
Since you've wounded my heart thus in vain  
Let my Sighs recal you again  
Lament my unfortunate Hour  
Blame, and at once bless my power  
If by Sighs and Tears, I may but once restore  
Him into my Arms, or let me have no more:



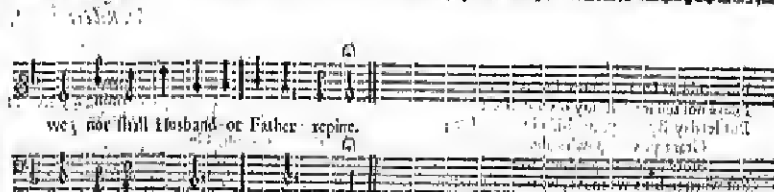
Easy to more shall suffer Helms, nor jealousie dare to confine the



power of these Eyes, or use of those Lips which nothing but kindred's design: One Ladies shall

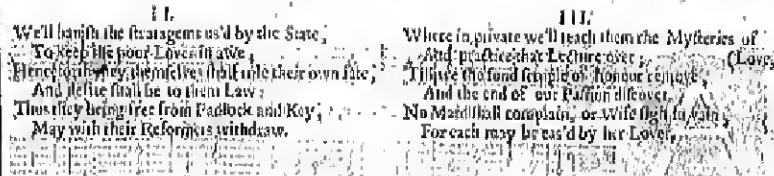


be as frolick as we! nor shall Husband or Father refine: One Ladies shall be still so free as



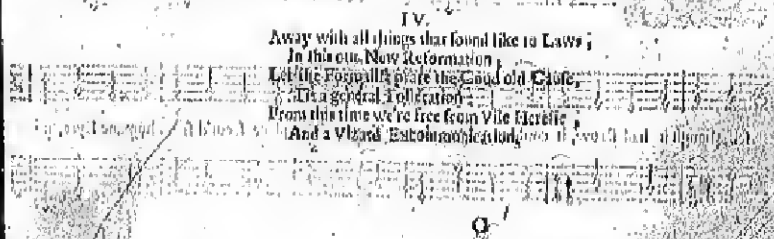
we; nor shall Husband or Father repine.

Mr. Robert Smith.



II.  
We'll banish the stragments us'd by the State,  
To keep the poor Loves in awe  
Henceforth they themselves shall rule their own fate;  
And Justice shall be to them Law:  
Thus they being free from Padlock and Key,  
May with their Reformers withdraw.

III.  
Where in private we'll teach them the Mysteries of  
And practice the Lecture over: (Love)  
Till the fond temple of Honour renge,  
And the end of our Passion discover:  
No Maid shall complain, or Wife sigh in vain,  
For each may be eas'd by her Lover.



IV.  
Away with all things that sound like to Laws;  
In this our New Reformation  
Let the Pope and the Pope's old Cause,  
Be a general Collection:  
From this time we're free from Vile Heresie  
And a Vile and Estomachful Cause.

A. a. Mr. Charles Duffin



One between hope and fear, *Phyllis* sometimes, flung her own will, yet as



last she confessed: But lo! that day should her blisses discover, Come gentle night, she said,



Come quickly to my aid: And a poor shame-fac'd Maid hide from her Lover.



Mr. Robert Smith.

II.

Now cold as Ice I am, now hot as Fire;  
I dare not tell my self my own desire:  
But let day fly away, and bid night hasten;  
Grant ye kind pow'rs above  
Shew hours to parting Love:  
But when to bid we move, let them fly faster.

III.

How sweet is it to Love, when I discover  
Those flames that burn my Soul, warming my Lover:  
Tis pity Love so true, should be mistaken;  
If that this night he be  
False, or unkind to me:  
Let me dye, ere I see, That I'm forsaken.

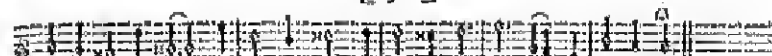
A. a. Mr. Charles Duffin



*Alcina* led me to a Grove, where all the Trees did shade; the Sun in



self thought had strove, it could not have been'd yet, The place secur'd from humane Eyes, no



other fear allows, but when the Winds that gently sigh, do kiss the yielding Bow.



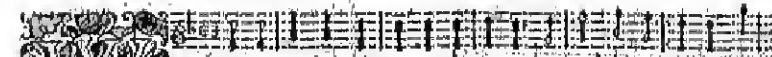
Mr. Robert Smith.

II.

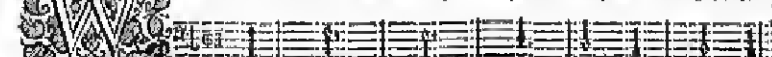
Down there we sat upon the Moss,  
And did begin to play  
A thousand wamon Tricks, so pass  
The time of all the day:  
A many kisses he did give,  
And I return'd the same;  
Which made me willing to receive  
That which I dare not name!

III.

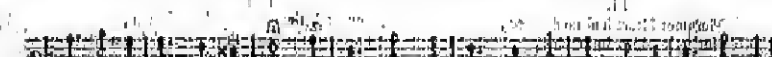
His charming Eyes no more requir'd  
To tell his Amorous Tale,  
On her that was already fir'd,  
'Twas call'd to prevail:  
He did but Kiss, and clasp me round,  
Whilst those his thoughts express'd;  
And laid me softly on the ground:  
Oh, who can guess the rest.



Then a Woman that's Buxom, & Doted does Wed, to a Man that



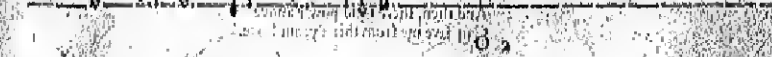
think she'd be ty'd to his Bed: For who can resist a Gallant that is young, and a Maid?



made in his God and his Tongue: His Looks have such Charm, and his Language such force, that the



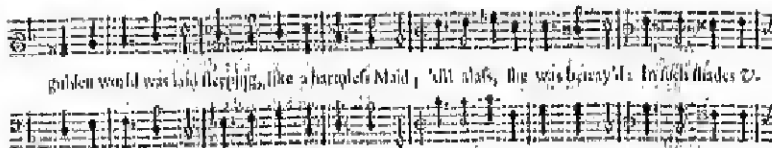
drowsie Mechanick's, & Cockold of Court,



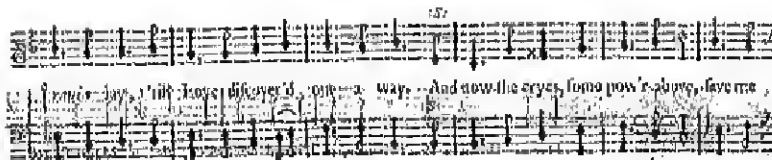
A. 2. For Violon &amp; Bass.



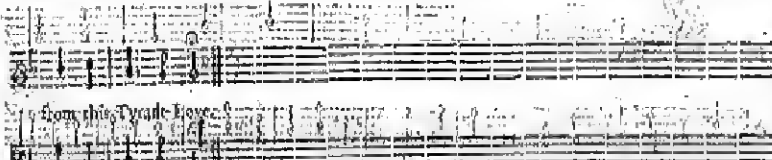
O behind a Scene of Seas, under a Canopy of Trees, The fair new



golden world was laid sleeping, like a hapless Maid, 'Till alas, she was betray'd: In such shades &amp;



And now she cries, from pow'r above, have me



From this Tyrant Love.



Mr. John Banister.

## II.

Her poor heart had no defence,  
Due to maiden innocence  
In each sweet evening eye  
You might easily deery  
From this Tyrant Love  
Leaving rare unguarded treasure  
To the Conquerors with all pleasure  
And now she cries, &c.

## III.

Now and then a struggling frown,  
Through the shade slips up and down  
Shedding such a piercing dart,  
As would make the Tyrant start  
And preserve her Light and Heat  
But, alas, her Empires gone,  
Throne and Temples all undone,  
And now she cries, &c.

## IV.

Charm'd aloft, those stormy Winds  
That may keep the Golden Mines  
And let Spanish Love be tore  
On some cruel Rocky shore  
Where he'll put forth to sea no more  
Least poor conquests repay cry  
Oh! I'm wounded! Oh! I dye!  
And then, there from pow'r above  
Can save me from this Tyrant Love.



Alas! that true hearted Swain, upon a River Bank was laid



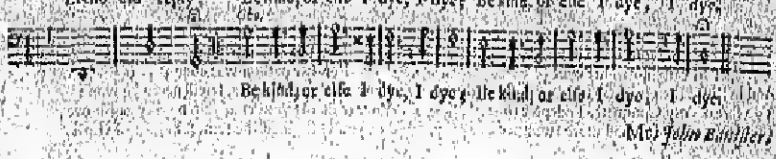
where to the pining Stream he did complain, on Sylvia, that false charming Maid: But she was



Still regardless of his Pain: O! faithless Sylvia, would he cry, and which he said she



Echo'd his reply: Behold, or else I dye, I dye: Behold, or else I dye, I dye:



Behold, or else I dye, I dye: Behold, or else I dye, I dye:

Mr. John Banister.

## II.

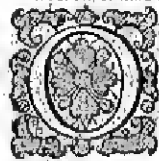
Alas! of Tears his Eyes let fall,  
Which in the River made impell  
Then Sylvia, and Sylvia false would call  
O'er his faithful Shepherd's fall  
Is Love, when you become a Criminal  
Ah! I'll slide this needless from  
Allow your poor Admirer some reward  
Consider how I burn, I burn: Consider, &c.

## III.

Those Smiles and Kisses which you give  
Remember, Sylvia, are my due  
And all the Joys my Rival does receive  
He smiles from me, not you  
Ah! Sylvia, can I live, and this believe  
Invisible are taught to see  
My Languishments, and seems to pity me  
Which I demand of thee, or thee: Which I demand, &c.



A. &amp; V. Canto &amp; Basses.



The time that is past, when she held me so fast, And declar'd that her

Honour no longer could last: When no light, but her languishing Eyes did appear, to pre-

vent all excuses of Blothes and Fear.

II.  
When she sigh'd and smil'd,  
With sigh trembling and smil,  
As if she had long'd to be closer embrac'd:  
My Lips the sweet pleasure of Kisses enjoy'd,  
While my mind was in search of hid pleasure to employ'd.

IV.  
Dear *Amintas*, she cries,  
Then casts down her eyes,  
And in Kisses she gives, what in words she denies:  
Too sure of my Conquest, I purpose to say,  
Till her fiercer content had more sweeten'd the pray.

III.  
My heart set on fire,  
With the flames of Desire,  
I boldly push'd what she seem'd to require,  
But she cry'd, for pity-like, change your ill mind,  
Pray *Amintas*, be civil, or I'll be unkind.

V.  
But too late I began,  
For her passion was done:  
Now *Amintas*, she cries, I will never be won:  
Your tears and your counsellors do pity can move,  
For you're slipt the critical minute of Love.



Ay, let me alone, I protest I'll be gone, 'Tis a folly, to think I'll be

subject to one: Next hope to confine a young Gallant to Dine, like a Scholar of *Oxford*, on

nough but the Loyn. For after enjoyment, our Bellies are full, and the same dish again, makes the

Ap-pe-tite still.

Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

II.  
By your wantoning Art, of a Sigh and a Start,  
You endeavour in vain, to inveigle my Heart,  
For the pretty disguise of your languishing Eyes,  
Will never prevail with my Senses to rise:  
And 'twas never the Mode, in an Amorous Treat,  
When a Lover has Din'd, to persuade him to Eat.

III.  
Then, *Betty*, the Jest is almost at the best,  
'Tis only variety makes up the Feast:  
For when we've enjoy'd and which pleasures are cloy'd,  
The Vows that we made, to Love ever are void,  
And you know pretty Nymph, it was ever unfe,  
That a Meal should be made of a Relishing bit.

A. &amp; V. Canto &amp; Basses.



His Madnes it is, to give over our Drinking, when *Apoll's* quite Drunk, you

may know by his Winking: His Face is on flame, and his Nose is so red, it predicts he is sleepy and

goes Drunk to Bed. Let him Sleep to grow Sober, while we tarry here, and Drink till the morning appear.

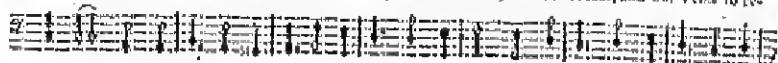
A. &amp; C. Co. Cantata &amp; Ragtime



One away, to the Glass, he's a temperate Ale, that refuses his brimmer of



Whenth, while our Bottles go round, a new way we have found, both our Heads, and our Veins to re-



plenish: We'll be witty and brave, when our Noddies are full, whilst the Sober young Fop is but



pre-destiny still.



II.  
Thus with Witches and Wine  
Our Hearts we'll refine  
From the Dross of the Melancholly City,  
We care not a Loufe  
For the dull Coffee-house,  
Tis the Tavern that makes a Man Witty:  
Then in spite of misfortunes,  
Thus happy we are,  
In a Jolly brave Soul,  
That's a stranger to care.



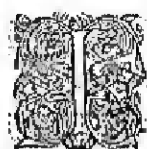
Is the Grape that dis-covers the Passionate Lovers, and makes the coy



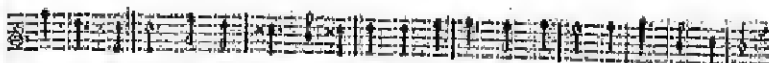
Mist to resign: To the Rose then repair, to Canary, to cheer our Souls, and our Spirits refine.



Mr. Robert Smith.



Languish for none that needs thinks of me, And all my sufferings now



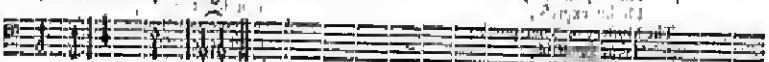
turn to despair: The Complaints which I utter, oh, Love! against thee, are swelling to great



as my sufferings face, Then cease by your pow'r, to add to my pain, lest Death by a greater

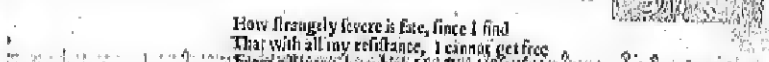


puts an end to your reign



# III.

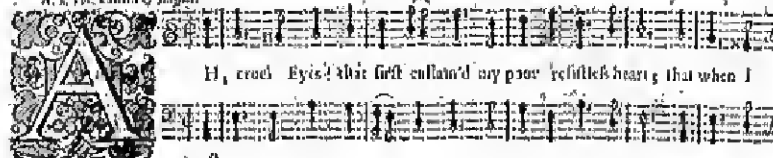
My Sighs and my Tears so privately I  
Do give to a Passion, I ne'er will impart  
That though I am vanquish'd, and conquer'd lay,  
No one can e'er say, that I first lost my Heart:  
Since the torments I feel, I will not discover,  
It were that be told, There dyes a poor Lover.



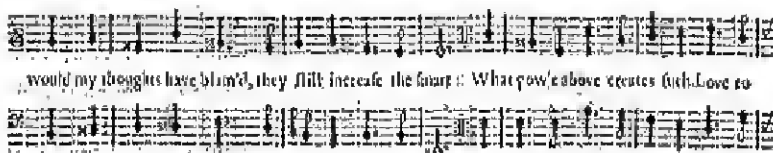
How strangely severe is Fate, since I find  
That with all my resistance, I cannot get free  
From a slavery, by which I too too degenerate  
My dearest Philander, thy slave to be:  
O face! so unkind, to make me effeminate  
My death to be welcome, easily given by them I ne'er should have pleas'd



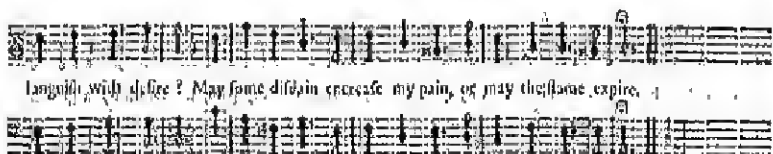
A. A. For Gallant &amp; Bass.



H, cruel Eyes! this first enchain'd my poor restless heart; that when I



would my thoughts have blam'd, they still increase the smart: What pow'r above creates such Love to



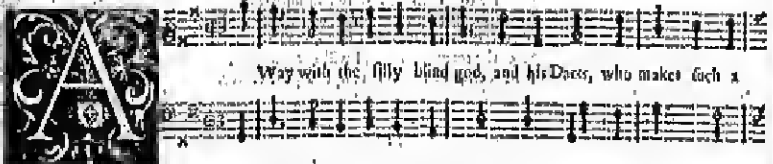
languish with desire? May some disdain increase my pain, or may this flame expire.

II.

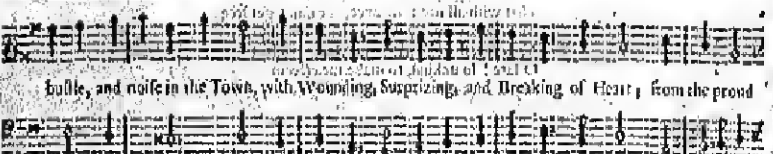
And yet I dye to think how soon  
My wishes may return,  
If sighs, and my hope once gone;  
I trust in silence stown:  
Then Tyrannels,  
Do but express,  
The Mystery of your pow'r,  
Tis as soon said,  
You'll Love and Wed,  
As Judging for't an hour.

III.

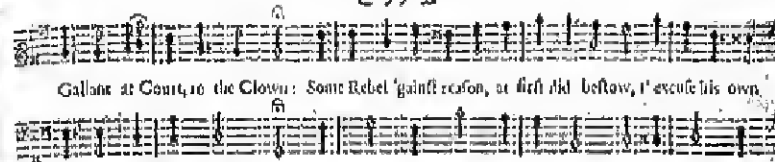
I yield to Fate, though your fair Eyes  
Have made the pow'r your own;  
'Twas they did first, my heart surpris'd  
Dear Nymph! 'twas they blam'd:  
For Hopes sake,  
Your heart awake,  
And let your pity move:  
Lest in despair  
Of one to live,  
I bid adieu to Love.



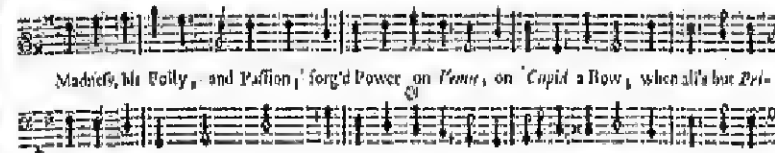
Way with the silly blind god, and his Deceit, who makes such a



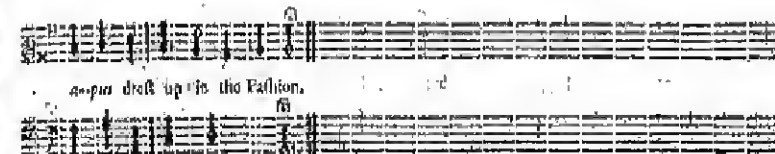
buble, and noise in the Town, with Wounding, Surprizing, and Breaking of Heart; from the proud



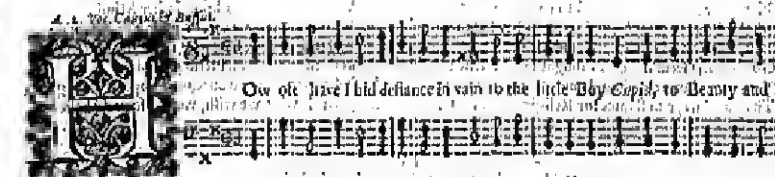
Gallant at Court, to the Clown: Some Rebel 'gainst reason, at first did bestow, I excuse his own



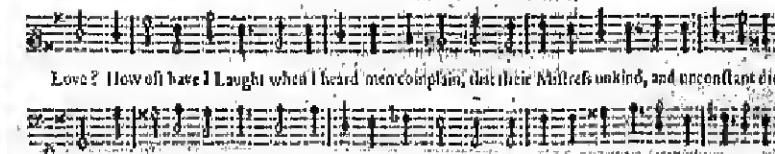
Madness, his Folly, and Passion; forg'd Power on Venus, on 'Capit a Bow, when all's but Pri-



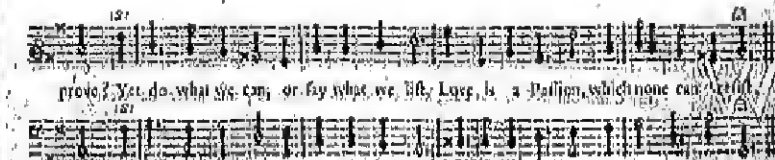
son dress'd up in the Fashion.



Ow oft have I bid defiance in vain to the light 'By Cupid, to Beauty and



Love? How oft have I laugh'd when I heard men complain, that their Mistress unkind, and unconstant did



prove? Yet do what we can, or say what we list: Love is a Passion, which none can resist

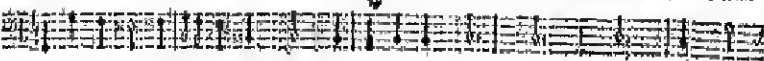




Then first my free heart was surpriz'd by desire; so soft was the wound, and so



gentle the first; my sight was so sweet, and so pleasant the sight, I lov'd the Slave, who had ne'er lost his



Heart. He thinks himself happy and free, but alas! he is far from that Heaven which Love possesseth.



Mr. Alph. Marsh, Junior.

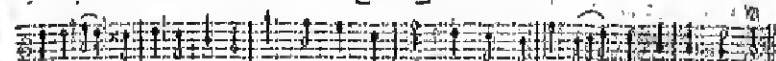
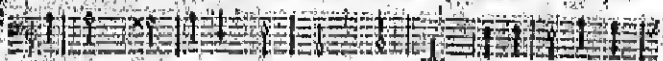
II.  
In Nature was nothing I found to compare  
With the Beauty of *Phyllis*; though her face  
As wit to the line all her sayings could fill;  
A Goddess the Poets, and I thought her still;  
With a resemblance of form, and a passion more true,  
Than a Martyr in flames for Religion, can show.

III.  
More Virtues and Graces I find in her Mind,  
Than the Schools can invent, or gods could design;  
She seems to be wiser, by each glance of her Eye,  
If Mars his may aim at a blessing so high;  
Each day with new favours, new hopes he does give,  
But, alas! what we will, we must look to receive.

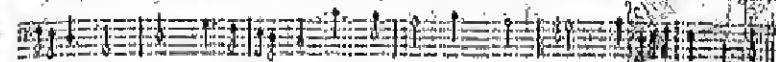
IV.  
With awful respect while I lov'd and admir'd,  
But fear'd to attempt what I so much desir'd;  
In a moment the top of my house was destroy'd,  
For a Shepherd, more daring, fell on and enjoy'd;  
But in spite of my fate, and the pains I endure,  
I will try her again in a second Amour.



See *Phyllis* out as Chast as Pals, how could I kiss the Slave? and never be weary of



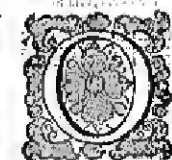
my *Capri-vitie*: But she's a Whore that cools my Blood, Oh! that she were less handsome or more good.



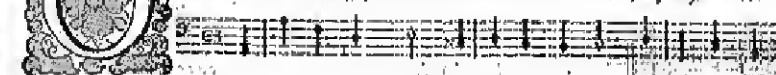
Mr. Isaac Blackwell.

II.  
Would you believe that there can rest  
Decen within that Breast,  
Or that those Eyes,  
Which look like *Figulds*, are only spies:  
But she's a Whore, yet sure I lye,  
May there not be, degrees of Chastity?

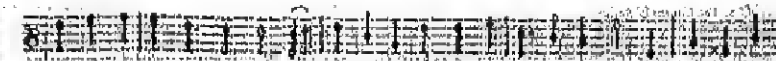
III.  
No, no, what means that *Madon Smile*?  
But only to beguile,  
That darts the light  
Of Women, make all Men account;  
I, for their sakes, give Women o're  
The first was false, the fairest was a Whore.



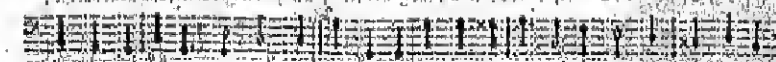
For all the gay Ladies that walk the bisk Town, my *Spits* for



Beauty has got the Renown; Her carings, where ever she comes do surprize, she wounds with her



Wit and the hills with her Eyes: So, Janny, so pretty, so full of Delight, she laughs all the

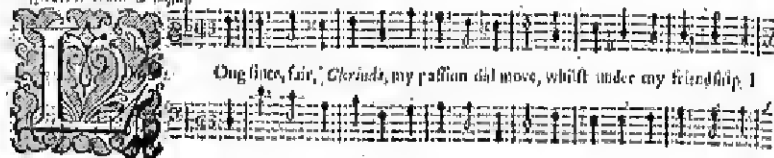
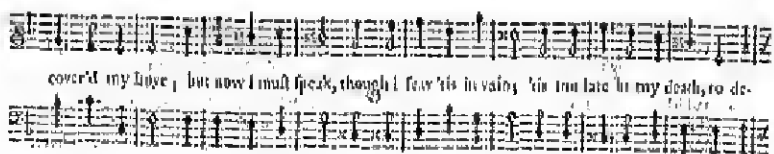


day and loves all the night.

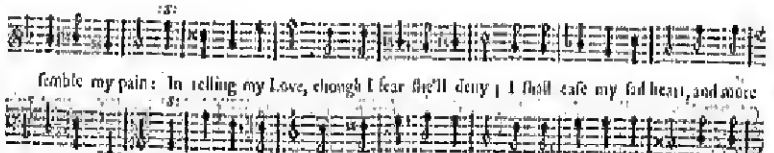


II.  
She Laughs all the day, and Loves all the night,  
The Stage like an Angel, so moving each sight;  
That the *Spikes* every where, and every where Voice,  
When the Dances, the wind is not better than she;  
The grave and precise her motion admire,  
Even Judges and Priests, at her feet would adore.

A. 2. For Contin'd of Passion.

Oug' once, fair, *Glorinda*, my passion did move, whilst under my friendship, I

cover'd my Love; but now I must speak, though I fear 'tis in vain; 'tis too late in my death, to de-



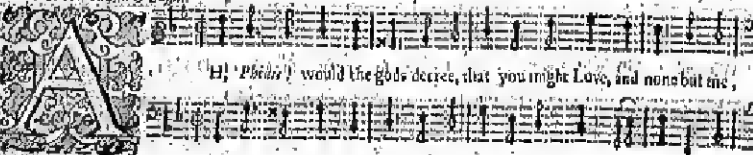
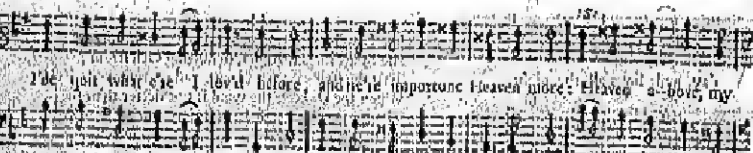
femble my pain: In telling my Love, though I fear she'll deny, I shall ease my sad heart, and more



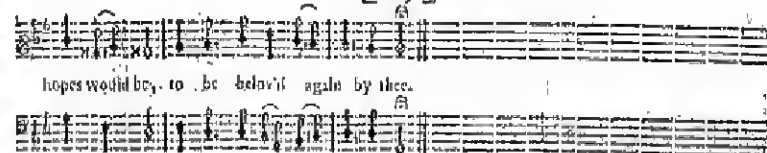
quit by dye.

Mrs. *Thy Farmer*.

A. 2. For Contin'd of Passion.

H! *Phoebe*, would the gods decree, that you might Love, and none but me,

I'de wish what eye "I lov'd before, and here's important Heav'n's decree: 'Twasgave a-bove, my



hopes would be, to be believ'd again by thee.

Mr. *Thyff*.

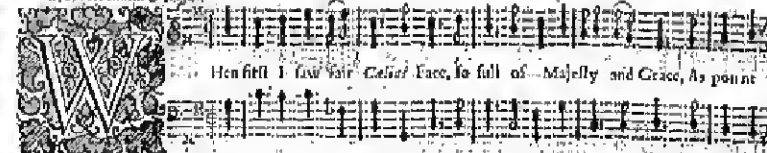
II.

Ah! should my *Phoebe*'s cruel prove,  
And with disdain receive my Love;  
Thought all my hopes were then in vain,  
I'de look on you, and hope again;  
And *Mistress*-like, charm'd with your cause,  
Glory to suffer by your laws.

III.

Though some by chance procure their peace,  
My Love before my Life shall cease;  
My Love's immortal at my soul,  
Which fate by death cannot control;  
Should you affect to cross my love,  
My death my constancy should prove.

A. 2. For Contin'd of Passion.

Henceforth I saw fair *Calista* Face, so full of Majesty and Grace, As point-

Arms: 'tis strange the place, which can't resistance make: So she by power has made her way un-



to my heart, and there does stay, receiving homage, which I pay.

Mr. *James Hart*.

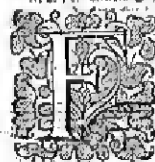
II.

The force of Love, who can withstand  
It is in vain to countermand;  
What endow *Cupid* has decreed,  
Then my poor heart must ever bleed;  
Till you, fair Nymph, by dry my tears,  
My Passion having once approv'd,  
Can Love, as now you are belov'd.

III.

It would be gallantry in Love;  
If *Cupid* would the act approve;  
Where the long hair has caus'd a flower,  
There to bestow, as length, her hair;  
In doing this, fair Saint, you may  
From your blest name, derive a day,  
When Lovers unto you shall pray.

A. L. For Guitars &amp; Basses.



E, Chorus, 'tis ill-ly to fight thus in vain, 'tis ill-ly to play the

Lovers you've slain: If still you continue your slaves to decide, the Compassion you feign,

will be taken for Pains: And though you sin, can never be true; in one that does daily con-

mit it now

## III.

If, while you are false, you resolve to be coy,  
You may honestly repent, as you hourly destroy:  
Yet none will believe you, nor prize as you will  
That you grieve for the dead, if you daily do kill.  
And where are our hopes, when we zealously woo,  
If you yet to abhor what you constantly do.

## III.

Then, Chorus, be kinder, and tell me my fate,  
For all I can suffer's to dye by your hate:  
If this you design, never fancy in vain  
By your Sight and your taste, to retaine me again:  
Nor weep at my Grave, for, I swear, if you do,  
As you now laugh at me, I will then laugh at you.



Wrong not your lovely Eyes! my Fate, so much as to suspect the charms that

on a-nothers are, can make me yours neglect: Wrong not, my Love! where

you adore, with such respect to lay, that this respect is just no more than I to

others pay.

Mr. Matthew Locke.

## I.

A general desire to please,  
Dwells in all humane kind,  
Such I am sure, would you confess,  
In your own Heart you find:  
And if the light of others Eyes  
To follow, I appear,  
'Tis that to yours a Sacrifice  
More worthy I may bear.

## II.

Your Beauty that, runs through all veins,  
I nothing from it take,  
But only for your glorious Charms,  
My self more worthy make:  
Then is the tear of youth but vain,  
You cannot be betray'd,  
Whatever Trophies I can gain,  
Must at your feet be laid.

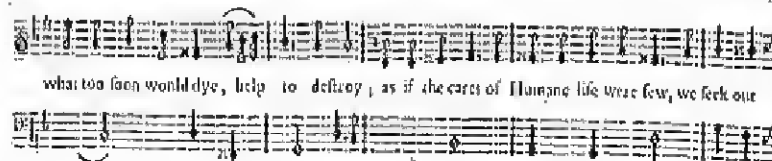
## IV.

Let other Beauties apprehend  
To lose their Lovers I leave;  
But you have charms that may pretend  
To stop Loves utmost breath:  
To others therefore, you, the flow  
Of Love may well endure,  
Since only yours my heart, you know,  
In your own Eyes secure.

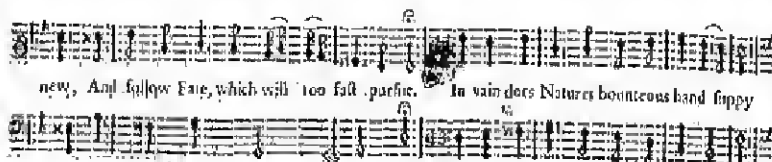




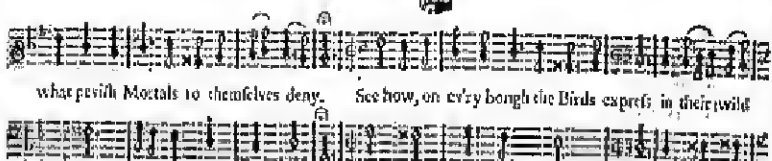
th, fading Joy! how quickly art thou past, yet we thy ruin hast! And



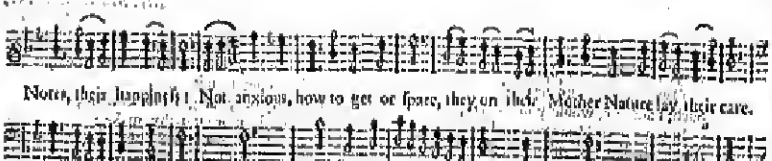
what too soon would dye, help to defray, as if the cares of Humane life were few, we seek out



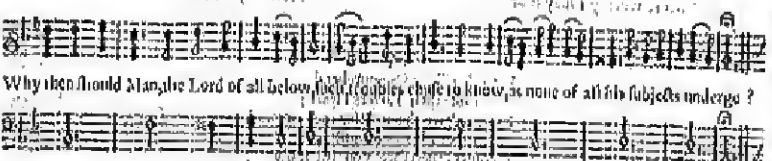
new, And follow Fate, which will too fast pursue. In vain does Nature's bounteous hand supply



what perish Mortals to themselves deny. See how, on every bough the Birds express in their twirl

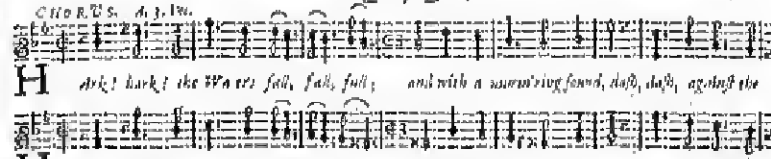


Notes, their happiness! Not anxious, how to get or spare, they on their Mother Nature lay their care.

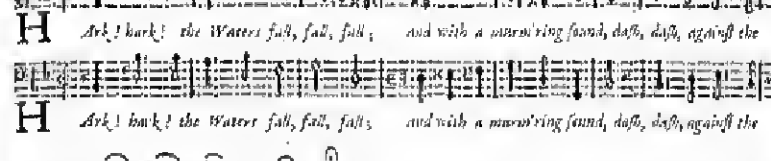


Why then should Man, the Lord of all below, their comfort chase to know, as none of all his subjects undergo?

CHORUS. A. 1. 1m.



H Ark! hark! the Waters fall, fall, fall, and with a murm'ring sound, dash, dash, against the



H Ark! hark! the Waters fall, fall, fall, and with a murm'ring sound, dash, dash, against the



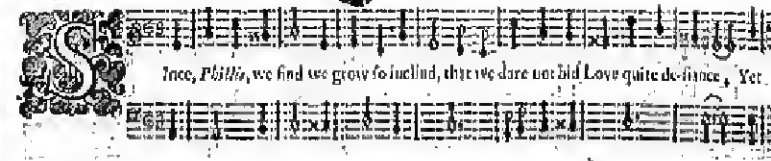
ground, to gen-tle Slumbers call.



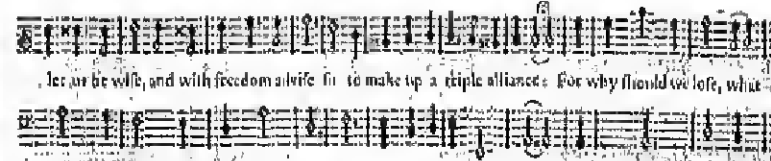
ground, to gen-tle Slumbers call.

ground, to gen-tle Slumbers call.

Mr. Pelham Humphrey.



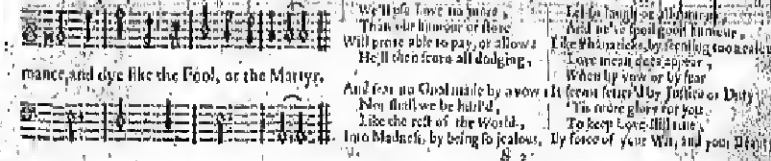
Ince, Philia, we find we grow so inclin'd, that we dare not bid Love quite de-fiance, Yet



let us be wile, and with freedom a life fit to make up a triple alliance: For why should we lose, what



most Cherish'd, the freedom of Nature's great Charter, Let us use Love as Chance, not as God, or Ro-



rance, and dye like the Fool, or the Martyr.

We'll not Love no more,  
Than our humour or Rose  
Will prove able to pay, or allow  
He'll then force all dodging,

And for no Quibble by a word  
Nor find we be hurt,  
Like the rest of the World,  
Into Madness, by being so jealous,

Let us laugh at all Love  
And be so good good humour  
Like Phalaris, by feeling too cruel  
Love mean does appear  
When by vow or by fear

It from fear'd Joy Justice or Duty  
Tis more glory for you  
To keep Love still alive  
By force of your Wit, and your Beauty.



Then I shall leave this clod of Clay, when I shall see that happy day, that a cold

Bed, a winding Sheet, shall end my Cares, my Griefs, and Tears, And lay me silent at my

Conquerors feet: When a dear Friend shall say, He's gone, alas! he's left us all alone:

I saw him gasping, and I saw him strive in vain, amidst his pain: His Eye-brings breaking, and his

falling Jaw: Then shall no Tears bedew my Heels, no sad uncomfortable Verse my unarm'd

Heads shall shade: He, who alive, did never grieve, how can he be left merry in the Grave.

Then Friends, for a while, be Merry without me, And as fast as you Dye, come flocking about me: In

Gardens and Groves, one day Revels we'll keep, and at night my Theorbo shall Rock you asleep: So

happy we'll prove, that Mortals above, shall envy our Musick, shall en-vy our Love.



But Sighs and Groans, now fills my breast, and suffers me to take no rest.

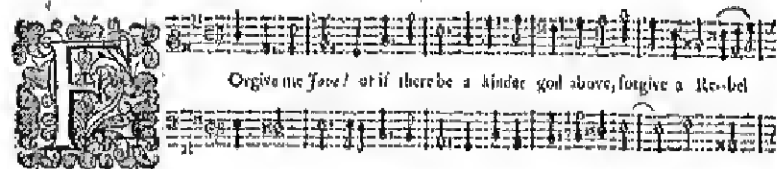
for my *Carnelia*? Oh! she's gone, and left me here to Mourn alone: But, is she dead? then I'll go

see, if in her Grave there's room for me.

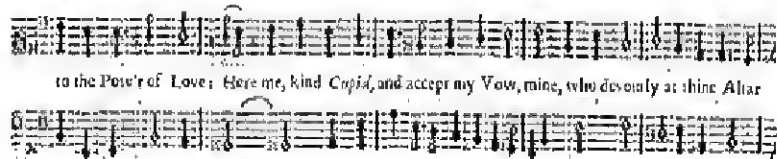
Mr. Robert Smith.

[ 1 ]  
O cruel Fate! that do's design'd  
To take her, but leave me behind:  
And you! O Death! whose quick Alarms  
Hath snatch'd her cruelly from my Arms,  
Could you not find a way for me  
To my *Carnelia's* Breast to flee!

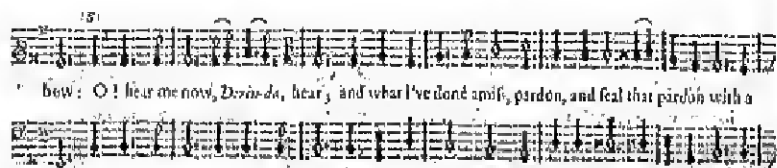
[ 2 ]  
Dye, then *Abigail*! why should'st thou fly,  
Since 'tis *Carnelia* should'st the way?  
O Dye, hold fast! do not live  
This dire Nymph furro, survive!  
O now, dear soul, come! I flye  
Always to live with you, I dye!



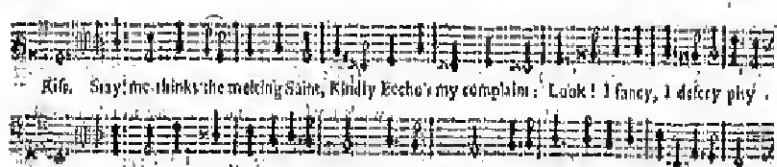
Forgive me *Joel*! 'till there be a kinder god above, forgive a Re-bel



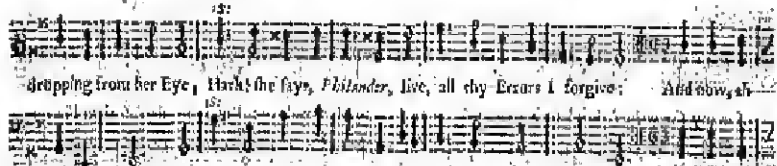
to the Pow'r of Love: Here me, kind *Cupid*, and accept my Vow, mine, who devoutly at thine Altar



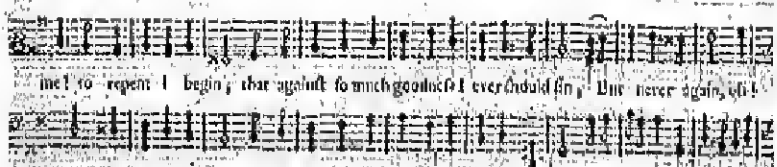
bew: O! hear me now, *Deirdra*, hear, and what I've done amiss, pardon, and seal that pardon with a



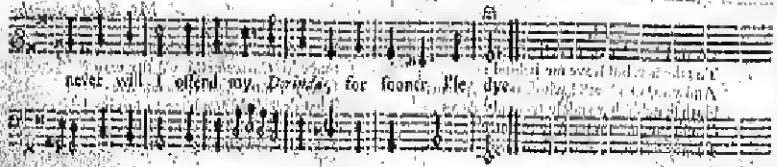
Kiss. Say! me thinks the making same, kindly Echo's my complaint: Look! I fancy, I discern phy-



dropping from her Eye, Hark! the Eye, *Flitander*, live, all thy Excess I forgive: And now, at-

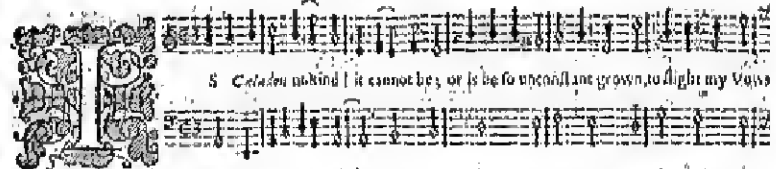


me! to repent I begin; that against so much goodness I ever should sin: One never again, oh!

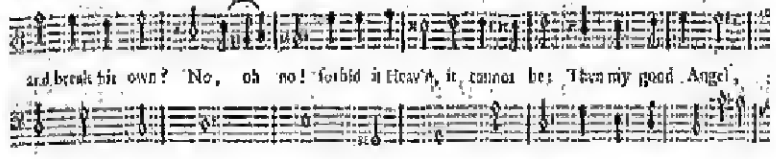


never will I offend my *Deirdra*, for hence, *He*, dye

Mr. Tho. Farmer.



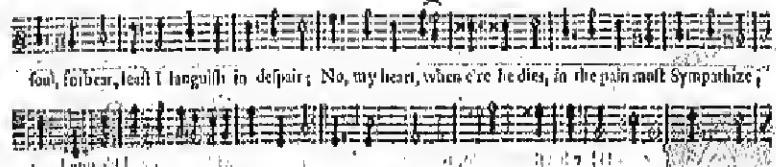
5 *Caladen* no kind! it cannot be; or is he so unkindly grown, to slight my Voice



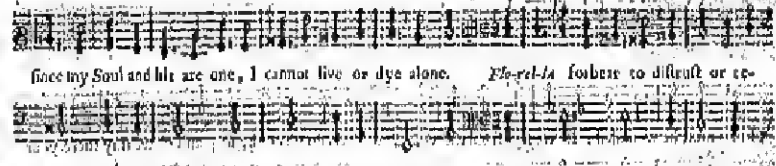
and break his own? No, oh no! forbid it *Heav'n*, it cannot be: Then my good Angel,



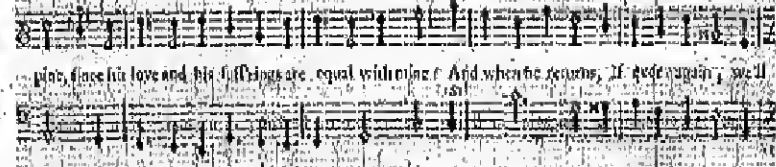
whether, whither, whether is he fled? Tell me, oh, tell me truly! Is he dead? Ah, *Prophetic*



soul, forbear, lest I languish in despair; No, my heart, when ere he dies, in the pain must sympathize,



since my Soul and his are one, I cannot live or dye alone. *Ph-re-l-la* forbear to dissent or re-



prob, since his love and his sufferings are equal with mine: And when he returns, if dead again, we'll



Kiss away: Sorrow, and laugh away: Pain

Mr. James Hart.



**I** F languishing Eye, without language can move, I have long told my *Philia*, I dye for her Love.

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II.  
I plead not desert, for the Beauty I serve;  
But 'tis nobler to give what none can deserve;  
In the end of my *Philia*, who fight and adore,  
None merit you less, or can value you more.

III.  
All joys are so order'd by Nature's great design,  
That what e'er we possess from another shall come;  
Then *Philia*, who's pleasure with me may you part,  
What's remaining to worth, is supply'd by my Love.

IV.  
In Ocean of Care, though against Tide we sail,  
Yet our Love from behind us suppleth a fresh gale;  
The Passage is pleasant, but, ah! 'tis too short;  
Let us live while we may, we must part at the port.

Mr. Isaac Blackwell.

V.  
To purchase a Smile, in a glance from your Eyes,  
Both my Fortune and Life were too little a price;  
But if to desert you can only be kind,  
Like Heaven, you must to your self be confin'd.

VI.  
On life is unsteady, and full of debate,  
E'er's change is angry, and full of debate;  
But kind was the power, who, our quick to keep,  
Sent Love to relieve us, and by us asleep.

**A** H! what shall we do, when our Eyes are surrounded with Beauties, like you I one

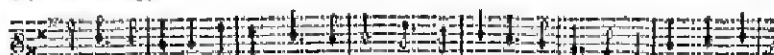
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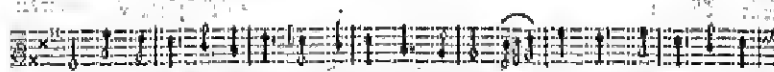
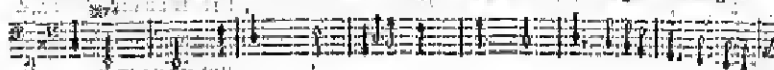
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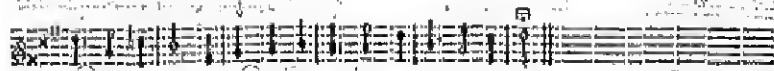
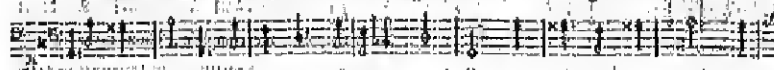
The Delights of the Bottle, and the Charms of good Wine, To the



Power and the Pleasures of Love must resign, Though the Night in the Joys of good Drinking be



pass: The Debauches but fill the next morning doth last: But Love's great Debauch is more



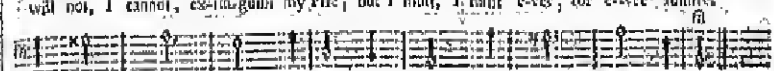
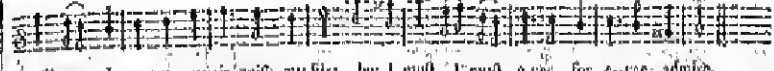
lasting and strong, for that often last a Man all his Life long.



Mr. Matthew Locke.  
Love and Wine are the Bonds that fetter us all,  
The World, but for these, to Confusion would fall:  
Were it not for the Pleasure of Love and good Wine,  
Mankind for each trifle their Lives would resign.  
They'd not value and Life, nor would live without drinking,  
Nor would Kings Rule the World, but for Love and good Drinking.



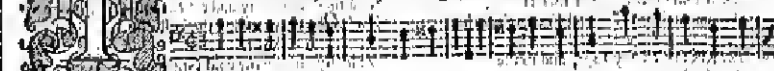
Al, how long have I led my desires, with the hopes you'd be kinder at



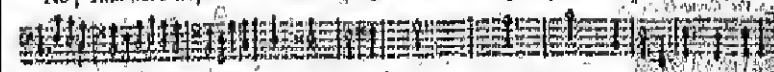
II.  
You Command me to Love you no more,  
'Tis a Law which I cannot obey:  
For when ever I try,  
I am caught by your Eyes,  
That oppose what ever you say,  
You may blame me for that  
Which I cannot give o'te:  
But in spite of your frown,  
I must ever adore.



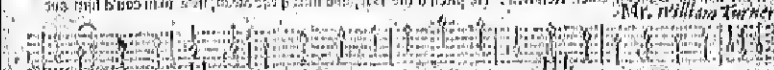
Must confess, not many Years ago, I was dash'd with e're my Mistress Answer'd,



No, Then was I subject to her Female Yoke, and stood or fell by ev'ry word she spoke: But now I



find the Intrigues of Love to be, nought but the Follies of our In-fan-cie,



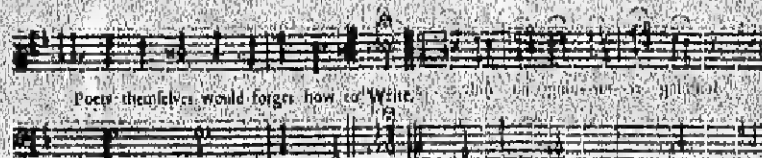
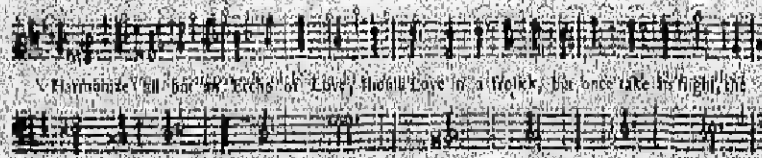
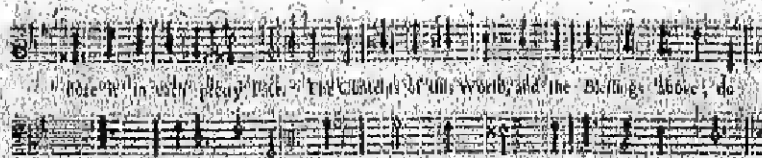
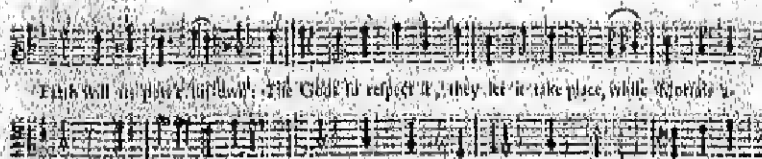
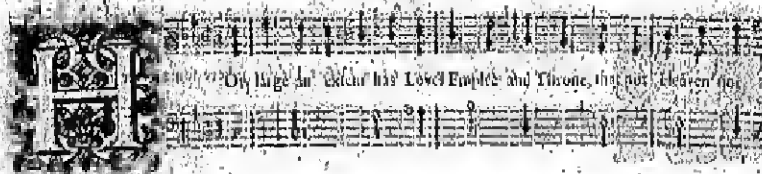
Mr. William Turner.  
I can a Rich and handsome Lady Court,  
Higher for my Convenience, or for Sport,  
Nor if the one be Proud, or the other Coy,  
I will not break my Sleep for such a Toy:  
My Heart is now for all Affairs prepar'd,  
And cannot be Commanded or Enslav'd.

No Banish can more uncontentedly brook  
The Glances of the most bewitching Look,  
Yet if my Mistress should but look on me,  
None can be more obliging, none more kind:  
Enjoyment now has taught me how to prize  
What only they that know how to love prize.



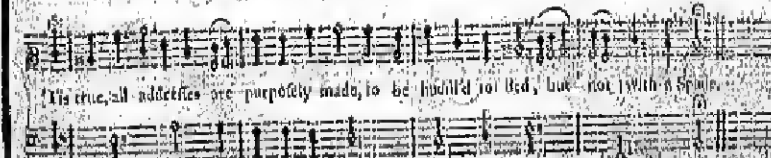
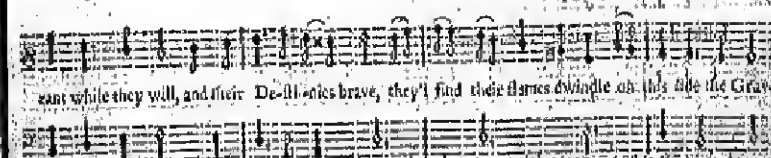
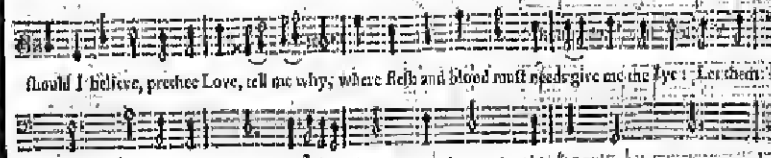
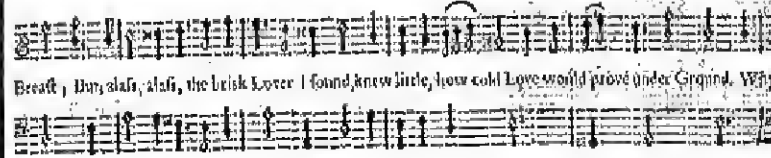
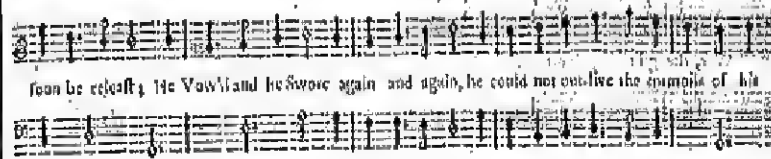
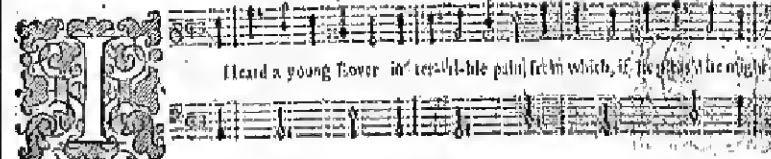






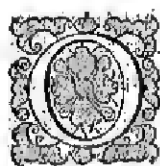
Mr. William Turner.

Though Love's a Jewel, yet I wish it were  
 How you have who conquer and subdue the war  
 There's Love that's the Passion, that's ready to die  
 And Love that's the more, but I'm not of the  
 Though the world is full of Passion, I'm not of the  
 Condemn to the Passion, Obliging and Just  
 That makes Love's immortal, and Bloodless in the Dust.



Mr. William Gregory.

'Tis true, all addresses are purposely made, to be heard of God, but not with a sign.



O, how I abhor the tumult and smoke of the Town, the clamours of

War, the glistering Court, the fraudulent Gown: The Suburb Debauches, the Cheats of the

City, the rating of Coaches, and the noise of the men they call Wit. But give me the man from all

Vainly free, with good store of Land, and a Country command, who honest does be, who

Justice dares do, and the Nation would serve, and we're from his true Country. Principles serve,

This, this is the Man for me. Whilst the flustering vain Gallant in London consumes his Estate in rich

Cloaths and Perfumes, and makes his Face shine with Burgundine Wine, and on Pouders or on

Band spends his Youth and his Wealth, while such shall his Wit and his Bounty applaud. Give me the good

Man that lives on his own Ground, and within his own bounds, let room for his Hawks and his Hounds, can

best his own Tenants with Fowls and with Fishes, and from his own Plenty with good store of

Distillies, and not with dam'd Wine, but with good English Ale, o're their faithful hearts can prevail, and

nothing to others do owe, but from his own House hears his own Oxen Low, and his own Sheep

Bleat, whilst the grateful Woods (yes) Echo's repeat: This, this is the Man that is truly call'd Great.

Mr. Robert Smith.

## A DIALOGUE between two Shepherdesses and a Shepherd.

Two Shepherdesses.



Heart in Love's empire, though forlorn and Blythe, from Cares and from

Fears can never be free; 'tis said that with Pleasure we Languish and Sigh: But for all can be

A Shepherdess.

arg'd, there's nothing can be so pleasant, so pleasant as our Li-ber-tie. None are more

happy: nor none are more blest than whom Love does inspire with a gentle soft Fire, when

either the Sun, and neither can rest, how pleasant their Dangling, how sweet their desire.

Love is a Blessing, though accounted a pain, for take away Love, no Pleasures remain.

Shepherd.

To submit to Love's Law, Ah! how sweet it would be; If in Love we could buy so dear a

see: But O! Righte' extreme! O Fate too unkind! A Shepherdess faithful, no Man can find; and

this faithless Sex so inconsistent both prove, they ought not to Live, or ought not to Love.

## CHORUS together.

Vivite.

Let's permit the soft fire to enflame our Desire, Ah! how pleasant, how pleasant is Love, when two

hearts faithful do prove: Ah! how pleasant, how pleasant is Love, when two hearts faithful do prove.

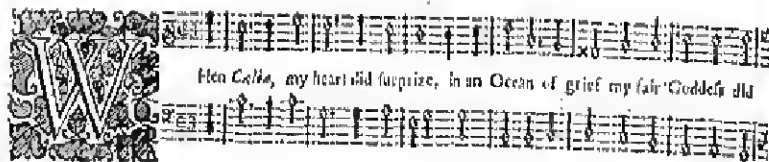
Bis.

Let's permit the soft fire to enflame our Desire, Ah! how pleasant, how pleasant is Love, when two

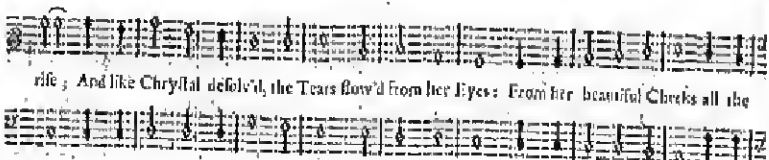
hearts faithful do prove: Ah! how pleasant, how pleasant is Love, when two hearts faithful do prove.

Mr. Robert Smith.

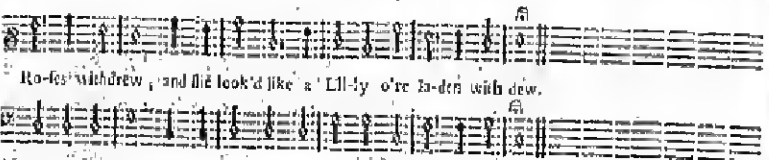




Then *Callio*, my heart did surprize, In an Ocean of grief my fair Goddess did



rile; And like Chrystal desolv'd, the Tears flow'd from her Eyes: From her beautiful Cheeks all the



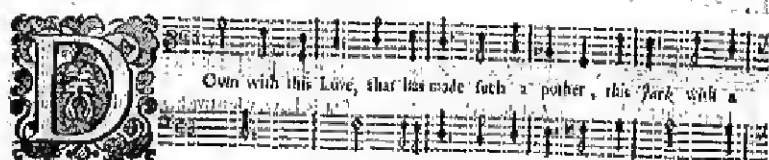
Redness withdrew, and she look'd like a Lilly o're laden with dew.

II.

How sweet did her sorrows appear,  
How I trembled and sigh'd, and for every Tear  
Made a Vow to the Gods, and a Prayer to her;  
O, how soft are the wounds, we receive from the fair,  
But the Joys and the Pleasures there's none can declare.

III.

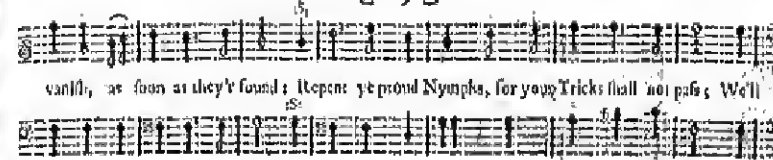
O Love, let us still wear thy Chain;  
Let no passion but Love in our Fancies e'er reign;  
Let us often be cur'd, and ne'er freed from our pain:  
All the pleasures of Wine to the Sense are confin'd,  
But 'tis Love is the noblest delight of the mind.



Own with this Love, that has made such a pothier, this Park with a



Landscape that leads to a round, 'Till with dull Marriage, we cheat one another, for Joys that do



vanish, as soon as they're found: Repent ye proud Nymphs, for your Tricks shall not pass: We'll



change no more Gold, and good Stones for your Glass.

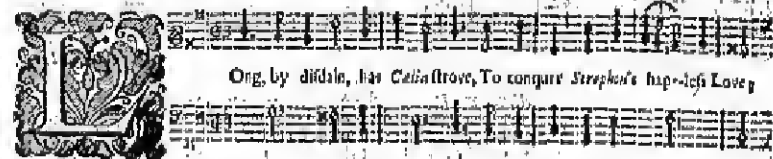
Mr. *Alp. Atalaph.*

II.

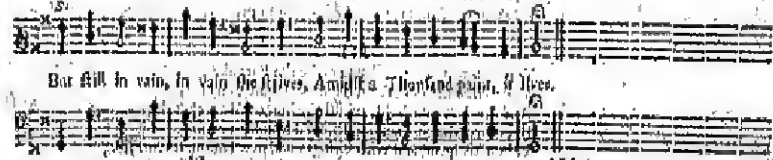
While so severely you rail at the Pleasure,  
And kill the poor Loves, that's at your command;  
You, like Physicians, turn head from the Treasure:  
But, Oh, how you grasp what is put in your hand:  
Repent ye proud Nymphs, for your Tricks shall not pass:  
We'll change no more Gold and good Stones for your Glass.

III.

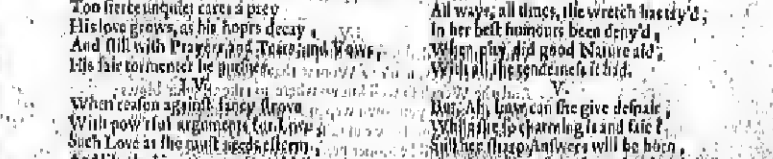
When the short Allure we sigh for, is over,  
The Nymph is more kind, and more brisk than before;  
But how dejected and dull is your Lover,  
To find all his Passion has purchas'd no more:  
Repent ye proud Nymphs, for your Tricks shall not pass:  
We'll give no more Gold and good Stones for your Glass.



Org, by disdaine, has *Callio* strove, To conquer *Strephon's* hap-less Love;



But still in vain, in vain the *Alp*, Am I like *Thion* find, I live.



Too fierce unquiet cares a prey  
His love grows, as his hopes decay  
And still with Prayers and Tears and Vows  
His fate tormenter he pursues  
When reason against fancy roves  
With powerful arguments he loves  
Such Love as the soul needs, I know  
And like, had it not come from a hood.

III.  
All ways, all times, the wretch has try'd;  
In her best humours been deny'd;  
When play and good Nature aid  
With all the tenderness he try'd.  
V.  
But Ah, how can she give despair;  
While his life's charnel log is and fire?  
Still her sharp answers will be born,  
Her eyes more force have than her scorn.



ay, methinks more of this Love Maskarade, Since all sorts of Topp are grown



old in the Trade: All the Pleasures are gone, and the Cheat so well known, That 'twould make more



Lovers than e-ver is made: If you think your a Win, and would fain have me know it, you must



Leave this dull Road of the o-ver-ridd Po-et.



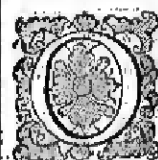
Mr. Alph. Marsh.

II.  
Alexis, and Damon, and Triumphant Swains more,  
Have been Sighing and Vowing, Ten thousand times o'er,  
Let me dye, and all that is lippid and flat,  
And your Courtship as fickle as every Whore:  
O, thou Charming Divine, and Oh sweet pretty Creature  
Is to old, the Amours of a Cōbler looks greater.

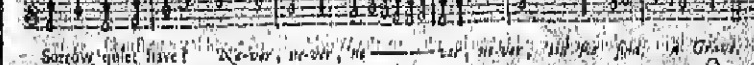
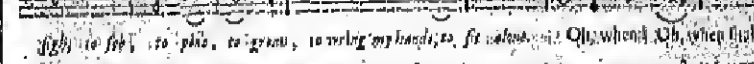
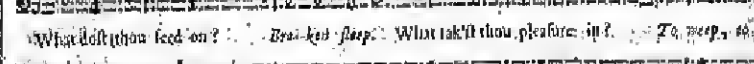
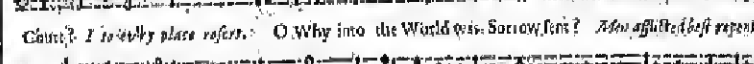
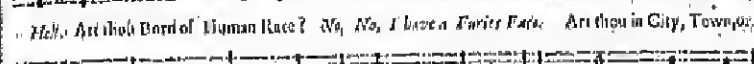
III.  
You torture a Song, 'till you make the Parake  
Your *Alamode* Wit, from the Play: I doubt you take  
And are Airy and bold, whilst the borrow'd Stock hold,  
But more Mould than a disciplined Munkie you make:  
When 'tis spent, and with Quinges and new fashions Court lies,  
O the price of your Trappings, make up your Discourses.

IV.  
These shallow delings, and the plots that you cast,  
Will never prevail, o'er a Woman that's Chast:  
And the Wench so well knows where to take all your blows,  
That she turns your own weapon against you: Let's see  
If such humorous folly can raise Love in any,  
Scarce any shall be fonder pretence, than his Zephyr.

# A DIALOGUE between NATURE and SORROW.

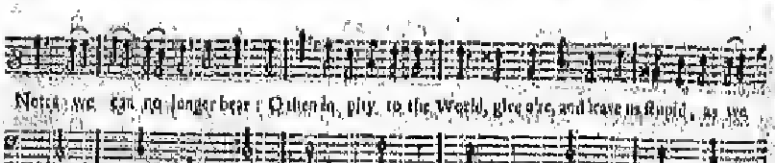
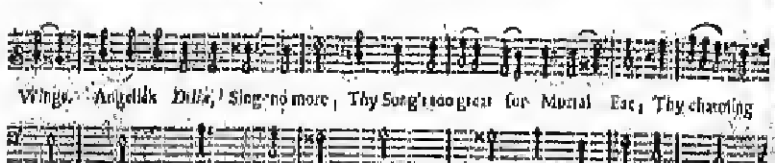
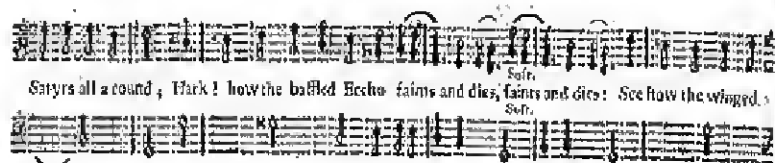
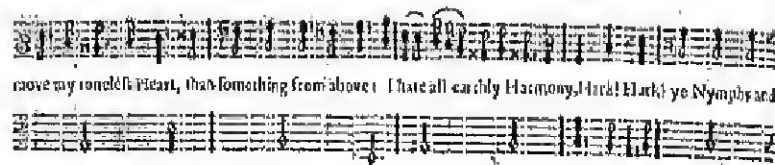
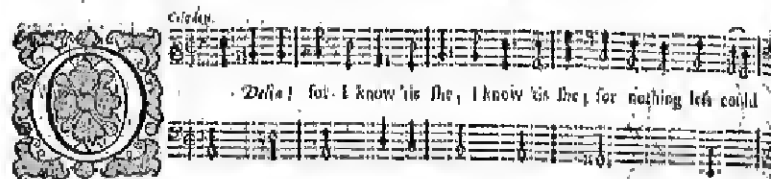


Sorrow, Sorrow! say where dost thou dwell? In the (best) Room of

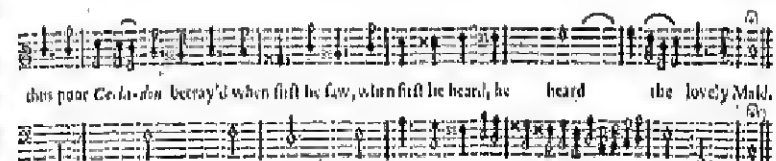
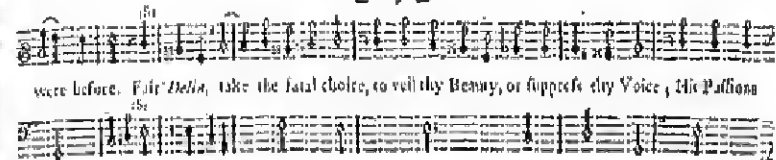


Mr. Robert Smith.

## CELADON on DELIA's Singing: A Pastoral.



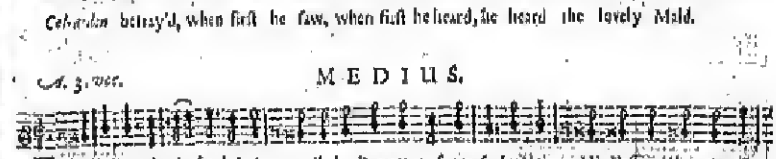
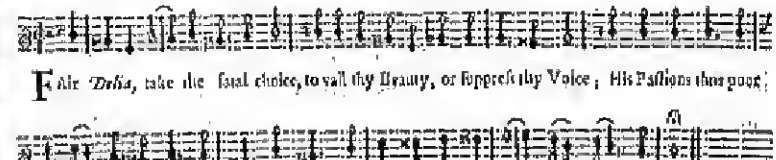
Adieu, Adieu



## CHORUS.

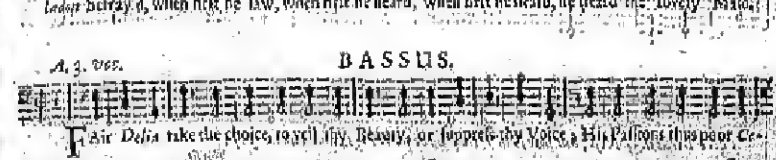
## CANTUS.

A. 3. Voc.



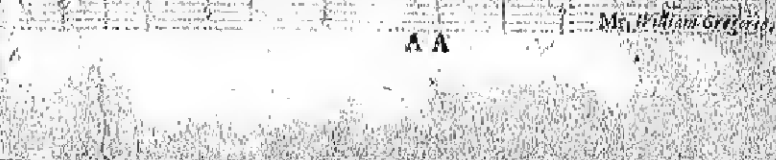
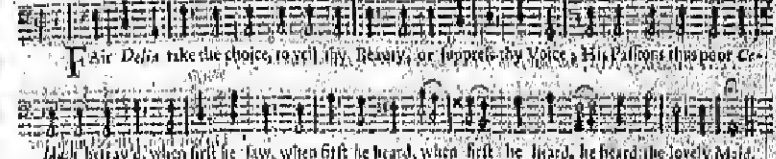
A. 3. Voc.

## MEDIUS.



A. 3. Voc.

## BASSUS.



AA

Mr. William Gregory



## A DIALOGUE between THIRIS and DORINDA.

Dorinda.



Has Death part us from these Kids, and put up our divided Life, Tell me,

Thirsis, *Thirsis*, where do, where thou and I shall go? *Thirsis* Ob! Where's it? *Thirsis*

To the Elysium. A Chiff

Dorinda. I know no way but one, our House: Is our Cell Elysium? *Thirsis*

Soul can never miss. Turn thine Eye to yonder

Thirsis. I know no way but one, our House: Is our Cell Elysium? *Thirsis*

Thirsis. I know no way but one, our House: Is our Cell Elysium? *Thirsis*

Dorinda. I know no way but one, our House: Is our Cell Elysium? *Thirsis*

Thirsis. I know no way but one, our House: Is our Cell Elysium? *Thirsis*

Thirsis. I know no way but one, our House: Is our Cell Elysium? *Thirsis*

Thirsis. I know no way but one, our House: Is our Cell Elysium? *Thirsis*

Dorinda. I know no way but one, our House: Is our Cell Elysium? *Thirsis*

Thirsis. I know no way but one, our House: Is our Cell Elysium? *Thirsis*

Thirsis. I know no way but one, our House: Is our Cell Elysium? *Thirsis*

Thirsis. I know no way but one, our House: Is our Cell Elysium? *Thirsis*

Dorinda. I know no way but one, our House: Is our Cell Elysium? *Thirsis*

Thirsis. I know no way but one, our House: Is our Cell Elysium? *Thirsis*

Thirsis. I know no way but one, our House: Is our Cell Elysium? *Thirsis*

Thirsis. I know no way but one, our House: Is our Cell Elysium? *Thirsis*

come, in talking of *Fl—li—al—men*  
*Thistle.*  
 Then I'll go on There Sheep are full of sweetest

Grass and softest Wool, There Birds sing Comfort, Garlands grow, cool Winds do whisper

Spring do flow, There always is a *fl—li—al—men* Sin, and Day is e-ver but begun, Shepherds

*Dulcino.*  
*Al—no! Al—*  
 there bear a *fl—li—al—men* qual away, And every Night is a Queen of May.

*Dulcino.*  
 I'm Sick, I'm Sick, and I'm would Dye, Comfort me now that this is  
*Dulcino.* Why don't cry?

come, by bidding with me, all *Thistle.*  
 I cannot live without thee; I, I'll for thee, much more with thee Dye.

## CHORUS together.

*Dulcino.*  
 Then let us give *Fl—li—al—men* Cheer-to charge o'h Sheep, and then and I'll pick Popples, and then sleep in  
 Then let us give *Fl—li—al—men* Cheer-to charge o'h Sheep, and then and I'll pick Popples, and then sleep in

Woe, and drink on's even 'till we Weep, 'till we Weep, So shall we smoothly pass a  
 Woe, and Drink out even 'till we Weep, we Weep, So shall we smoothly pass a-way

way, a way, a way in Sleep.  
 way, a way, a way in Sleep.

Mr. Matthew Locke.

## TOM a Bedlam.

For a Bass alone.

Orn from the dark and dismal Cell, or from the deep abyss of Hell, Mad Tom is come to  
view the World again; to see if he can Cure his distemper'd Brain: Fears and Cares oppress my Soul,  
Hark, how the angry Furies howl; Pluto laughs, and Proserpine is glad, to see poor angry Tom of  
Bedlam Mad. Through the World I wander night and day, to find my stragling Senses, in an angry mood I  
met Old Time with his Pentateuch of Tenses, which me he spits, away he flies, for Time will stay for  
no man; in vain with cries, I tend the Skies, for Pity is not common. Cold and comfortless I ly,  
help, help, oh help, or else I dye! Hark, I hear Apollo's Team, the Carman glays to whistle, Chariot Dr.  
and his Bow, and the Boar begins to bristle. Come Vulcan with Tools and with Tackles, to  
knock off my troublesome shackles: Did Charon make ready his Wain, to bring me my senses a-gale,

II.  
Last Night I heard the Dog Star bark,  
Ats and Pangs in the Dark;  
Limping Vulcan went an Iron Bar,  
And judiciously made at the great God of War  
Ats with his Weapon laid about,  
Limping Vulcan had got the Gout;  
His broad Horns did hang to his right,  
That he could not see to aim his Blow aright.  
Mercury the nimble Post of Heaven  
Stood still to see the Quarrel;  
Gorred belly'd Bacchus, Gyant-like,  
Beside a Strong-beer Barrel;  
To me he Drank, I said him thank;

But I could drink no Sider,  
He drank whole Bots, till he had his Guts;  
But mine was none the wider.  
Poor Tom (every Day)  
A little Trimmer Churny  
Hark I hear Atoms drudge,  
The Atoms ran Hoops and Hoofers;  
Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,  
All the Chase do follow.  
The Man in the Moon drinks Chatter,  
Eats Powder'd-Bird, Turnep, and Catter;  
Bots a Cup of Wallage Sack  
Will fire the Bull at his Back.

## The Town Gallant.

Let us Drink and be Merry, Dance, Joke, and Rejoice, with 'Glacery' and  
Sherry, Theorba and Voice, The changeable World to our Joy is unjust, all Treasure's un-  
certain, then down with your Dust: In Frolicks dispose your Pounds, Shillings and Pence, For  
we shall be nothing a Hundred years hence. We'll Kiff and be free with *Adeli, Bary, and Nelly, Hays*  
Oysters, and Lobsters, and Nails by the Belly; Fish Dinners will make a Life spring like a Flea, Dame  
Fanny (Love's Goddess) was born of the Sea. With *Bacchus* and with her we'll tickle the fence,  
For we shall be past it a Hundred Years hence.

Your most Beautiful Bitch, that hath all Eyes upon her,  
That her Beauty sells for a Hoop of Honour. (For who wants to his Wealth, and pines for his Plenty,  
Whole legions and bright hosts doth shine in his Splendour, for a season which he shall never see,  
That none but the Sorcerer thought fit to attend her.) The Year at One shot and eight hundred and three,  
Though now the be pleasant and sweet to the sense,  
Will be horrible as a hundred years hence. Shall be turned to nothing a hundred years hence.

V.  
Your Chancery-Lawyer, who by subtilty whistles  
In selling out Souls to the length of three Lives;  
Such Souls which the Clergy do wear out in Liberty,  
Whilſt Pleader makes Conscience a cloak for his knavery.  
May hoast of his subtilty in the Present Tense,  
But *Nelly* will *delude* a hundred years hence.

VI.  
Then why should we torment in Cares and in Feats,  
To sell our Liberty to Sight and Tears;  
To be drunk and play, and the Victims do corrupt us,  
To be certain, that *poor wretch* will *delude* us.  
Let's deal with our Damocles, that we may from thence  
Have Woods to be cut in a hundred year hence.